



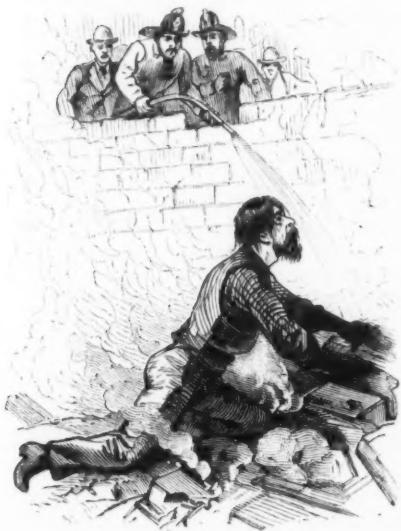
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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JOHN BOYER KILLED WHILE ENDEAVORING TO ESCAPE FROM THE RUINS OF THE DIAMOND MILL.



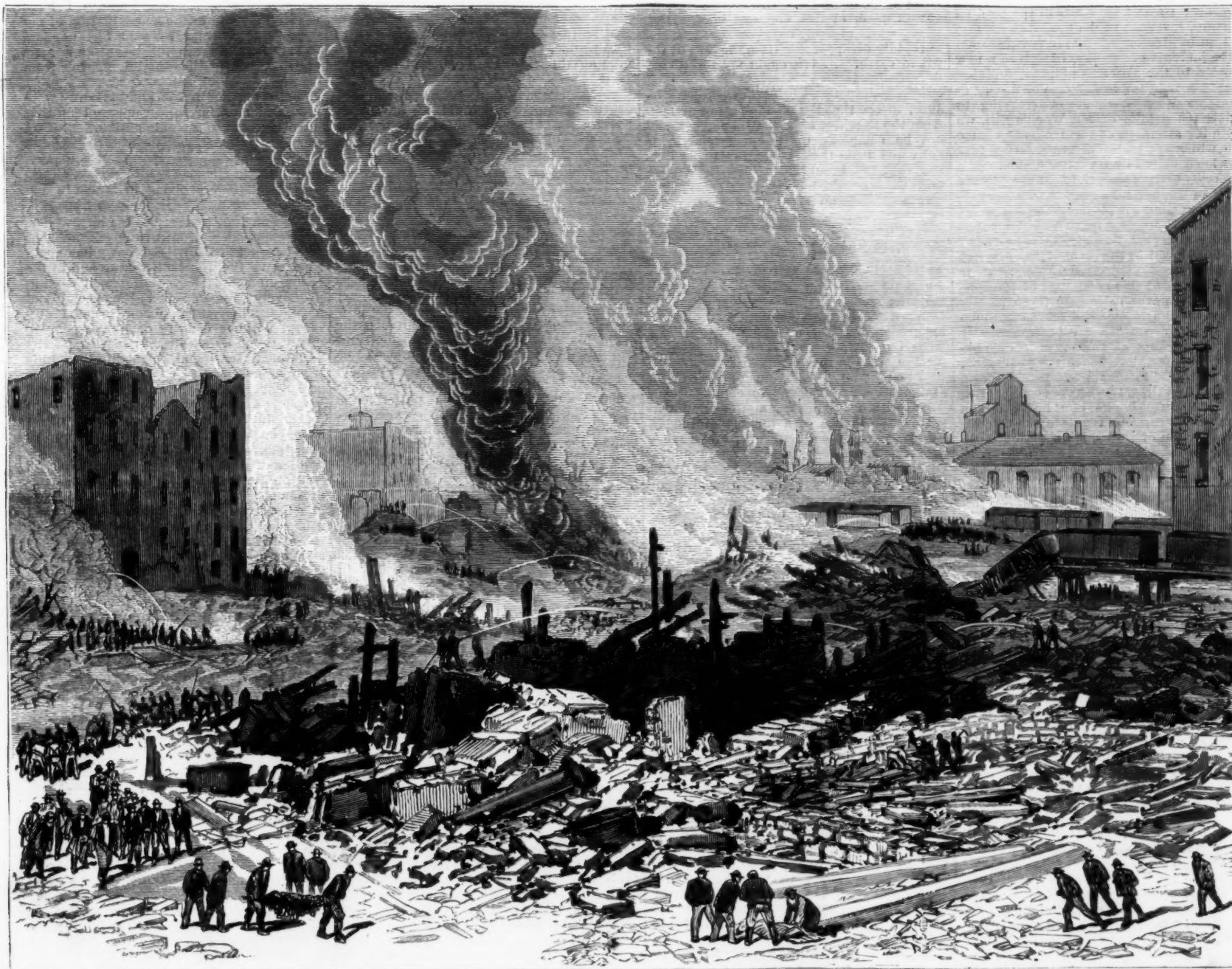
A WIFE, CRAZED BY HER HUSBAND'S DEATH, ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY HERSELF.



DANIEL A. DAY'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.



JOHN MONTE ESCAPES BY JUMPING FROM A THIRD-STORY WINDOW.



MINNESOTA.—DESTRUCTION OF FIVE STEAM FLOURING MILLS, WITH THE LOSS OF EIGHTEEN LIVES, BY THE EXPLOSION OF INFLAMMABLE GASES, IN MINNEAPOLIS. MAY 2d.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS, LOOKING EASTWARD.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. B. BEALE, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 199.

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THE TARIFF DEBATE.

WE have already referred to the first draft of the Bill introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Wood, for the purpose of revising the existing tariff. Whether that Bill—in the amended shape which it has come to receive at the hands of the Committee on Ways and Means—will command the support of a majority in either branch of Congress at the present session may be regarded as very problematical. Purporting to be a mere revision of the tariff, the Bill is naturally exposed to opposition from two classes of objectors—to that of the "Protectionists," who resist any reduction, however small, in the existing rates of duty, which operate for the supposed benefit of protected interests, and that of the Free Trade doctrinaires, who are impatient of any "reform" which is not radical and comprehensive under this head.

Whatever may be the fate of the pending measure, it cannot be doubted that the discussion to which it has led, in Congress and in the journals of the day, has given a new impulse to the progress of public opinion upon this most important branch of economical science. Without undertaking to review the details of Mr. Wood's Bill, we invite the attention of our readers to some facts which are pertinent to the issues that have been raised by its introduction.

In reply to the complaint that the present epoch of financial depression is a very inopportune time for revising the schedules of the tariff, we beg leave to submit that no time will ever be judged "opportune" under this head by the favored beneficiaries of the present protective system. It is observable that this complaint of inopportuneness is never raised by these parties when a motion is made in Congress to enhance the rates which are putting money in their pockets at the expense of non-protected interests. Since the year 1789, when the first tariff act was passed, down to the present time, there have been enrolled on our statute-books one hundred and twenty-eight laws to regulate the levying and collection of duties, and one hundred and eight of those laws were passed within the period comprised between the year 1861 and the year 1876. In the earlier part of this last decade and a half the doctrine of "Protection for protection's sake" has received an extension and a multiplicity of application which would have shocked old Andrew Yarranton, who first proposed to make England rich "by Act of Parliament"—that is, by levying high taxes on all foreign manufactures imported into the British realms.

It excites a smile to hear arguments drawn in favor of our present duties from the prosperity which, it is said, inured to the country from the protective tariff devised by Alexander Hamilton in 1789. The men who reason in this wise must either be very ignorant of what they are talking about, or else they presume largely on the supposed ignorance of the public they are addressing. This tariff, for instance, as originally passed, levied a duty of only five per cent. on cotton goods and on woollens; on iron manufactures the duty was seven and a half per cent.; while pig iron, as Mr. Kelley's constituents in Pennsylvania will be surprised to hear, bore no duty at all! The average rate of duties assessed by this Hamiltonian tariff was eleven per cent., and the schedules were made as little cumbersome and complex as was possible.

If this be the kind and degree of "protection" which the enemies of "Tariff Reform" would desiderate, it is safe to say that the friends of such reform would have reason to rejoice with exceeding great joy at the near prospect of a much more thorough revision of our revenue abominations than the Bill of Mr. Wood contem-

plates. Our tariff laws at present comprise twenty-one hundred and seventy-two articles which are subject to duty, or to official scrutiny in our custom-houses; and where this duty is not absolutely prohibitory, it ranges so high as to work rather for "protection" than for revenue. The Bill now pending in the House of Representatives reduces the number of dutiable articles to five hundred and seventy-five, and lowers the average rate of the duty about fifteen per cent.

The patrons of the present tariff, and the defenders of the "protective principle" in general, are doomed to fight a losing battle. A struggle made in behalf of ambiguous duties, and of duties compounded from *ad valorem* and specific rates combined in the assessment of the same article—a source of dispute which has left nearly three thousand tariff cases pending in the United States Circuit Court of New York alone—is not a struggle which can be expected to carry much enthusiasm with it. And he must be a heedless observer of the tendency visible in the drift of events who does not see that Free Trade is the aspiration and the goal of civilized nations.

It has been truly and forcibly said by a Scotch writer on the "Science of Politics," that the vast changes which take place in human legislation, as a country progresses in civilization, are nothing more than the slow and gradual transference of laws from "the subjective will of the legislator to the objective principles of truth." It is the crowning sin and shame of protective tariffs that they substitute "the subjective will" of the interests that confederate in their enactment for the "objective principles of truth" in that economic science which has been abundantly confirmed alike by reason and experience. But the collusions of fraud and cupidity, however obscurely they may be veiled under the terminology of our tariff laws, cannot always stand against the demonstrated facts and the clearly defined tendencies of political economy. According to Canning, it was the duty of a statesman to find the line of political change marked out by the finger of Providence for every nation, and to walk in it resolutely. It ought not to have been very difficult for the political philosophers of the Confederate States to have discovered, in the year 1860, that the attempt to found a republic on slavery, as its chief corner-stone, was an anachronism at this stage of human progress, when slavery, as a social institute, is rapidly disappearing from the face of the whole earth. And it ought not to be very difficult for anybody who watches the "increasing purpose" which runs through the ages, to see that the emancipation of man from the shackles of a chattel slavery will not be complete until human labor is delivered from the thralldom of every burden that has been laid upon it by the art and device of man against the free appointments of God and Nature.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

RECENTLY there has appeared on our shores, at an unusual harbor for her, the steamship *Cimbria*, a well-known German passenger vessel. Unannounced, apparently seeking no other port, with a large but mysterious list of passengers of foreign speech and trained deportment, who sought no further harbor nor to land at that one, and seemed to content themselves with observing the motions and consulting the wishes of a quiet, plainly-clad cabin passenger—all were circumstances of startling mystery and of some undiscovered significance. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before. And since it has been well ascertained that the *Cimbria* is under a charter-party to the Emperor of Russia, and that, while ostensibly and formally passengers in a regular passenger steamship, the crew are potentially sailors and officers in the service of the Czar, awaiting, in the Southwest Harbor, with cables ready to slip, some event, or some order of deep import to them and perhaps to us, the mystery has only deepened and our excitement increased. And now has come the further information that the steamship *Hammonia* has left Hamburg on a similar mission for our shores, and it is said that the *Westphalia*, *Thuringia*, *Franconia*, and *Rheiniana* are to follow. And that this navy is to be employed by Russia to transport to our shores a force of officers and seamen ready, in the event of a declaration of war between Russia and England, to man the vessels in which, as passengers, they came, and turn them into vessels of war to destroy the commerce of England on the American and Canadian coasts. It is said that the ownership of these vessels will remain unchanged until war has actually been declared. Then the representatives on board of the owners are immediately to transfer the vessels to Russia and the Russian flag.

It is not strange that we should become encircled with portentous doubts as to our duties, rights and dangers in the case of a tremendous war between the Giant of the North and the Mistress of the Seas. With Russia there has always by this nation

been entertained and cultivated a sentiment of friendship as pronounced and warm as though the nations were individuals. Towards England we have great and increasing regard and good feeling, a community of language, of learning and religion; but it is unfortunate when circumstances make it desirable for others to alienate acquaintances if there can be found the cicerones of old disputes in the memory of either. Recollections of the Revolution would scarcely give pain to an American now. America, in fact, feels gratitude for the false steps and offenses of England which called for and secured the statesmen of the Revolution, with Washington illustrious at their head. And Washington is revered in England, and his character studied and unfolded in English universities as a model for Englishmen. The War of 1812 only rouses feelings of complacent satisfaction. It is true these are negative facts. Russia, from the time when we first commissioned a Minister at her court, has taken pains, in all our contests as a nation, to express her adhesion to our cause; and we can not say that England's conduct towards this country during our late war has not left something other than complacent feelings at our success in making history. The Monroe Doctrine is more firmly established as the fixed policy of this country. But the fate of Maximilian is scarcely felt to atone for England's complicity in the attempt at intervention in Mexico, when it was known that our intestine strife was so cruel and harassing that we could not resent it as we otherwise would. The Sillidell-Mason affair and the Alabama outrages may be considered as pleasantly effaced by the payment of damages under the Geneva Commission. But one sincerely desirous of cultivating amity and full good-fellowship with England dislikes even to refer to such matters, and can not help the feeling that here are old affairs that might enable a demagogue to inflame us against England when again the martial spirit of the American people asserts itself and looks around for wrongs to right. Russia, on the other hand, sternly frowned upon the rebellion in its days of greatest success. And if we long to forget and forgive with England, with Russia we have nothing to forgive, and it is impossible to forget.

The Irish-English question also complicates the case, and, as with us, an enthusiastic, patriotic, actively political part of this people, the Irish take no pains to forgive anything to England, and have the most bitter of differences, that of religion, besides. The neighborhood of Canada may prove unfortunate. No Chinese wall interposes, no fortresses, nor guards between thousands of idle, discontented Irish Catholics in the States and the Britons in Canada. We seem, indeed, like some malign magnet, which gathers round us on coast and land-side immense interests of England comparatively undefended and indefensible at sea or on land; and by our relations with the Russians and the Irish, with our manufactures of arms, of cannon, and of ships, and our doctrines of free goods on free ships, we bring side by side with these English interests their direst foes and greatest facilities of attack. Well may the London *Times* appeal to American doctrines of international obligation, and affect to be satisfied. Well may our own statesmen feel that it may require the most perspicuous, delicate and firm performance of our duties in the case to escape, ourselves, misunderstandings and entanglements on one side or the other if the threatened war break out, which we must hope will be averted.

THE MAZZINI FESTIVAL

ON the 29th of May the Italian Colony of this and other cities will assemble in Central Park to inaugurate Turin's colossal bust of Giuseppe Mazzini. No name is worthier of perpetuation by monumental bronze in our urban pleasure, and in honoring this great compatriot our Italian citizens have done honor to themselves. At the unavailing, Mr. Smith Edward Lane, one of the Park Commissioners, will call the assemblage to order; Signor Nestor Corradi, on behalf of the Committee, will present the statue to the City of New York in a brief address; and Mayor Ely will respond. The chief orator of the day will be William Cullen Bryant, who accepted, with the warmest expressions of sympathy, the invitation to serve on the Committee.

It may be too early yet to write the true biography of Mazzini. Dead but five years, he looms up too near the observer's point of view. Great men, like high mountains, are best seen and estimated from a considerable distance. They must be compared with the dead level from which they spring, and seen against an unclouded horizon. But the five years that have elapsed suffice to clear away many of the veils which selfish partisanship hung between the patriot Genoese and his contemporaries. We now see that he was a wiser, better man than we had thought. Crimes falsely charged against him, and unworthy motives

maliciously laid at his door, made him unjustly hated and feared by those to whose esteem he had a clear right. He was a plotter, it is true, but his schemes were devised in the interest of Italy and all Europe; a conspirator, but he conspired only against tyrants and oppressors. The two objects of his reverence are expressed in his famous motto, *Dio e il Popolo*. An united Italy under a republican government was the dream of his youth; an united Europe the goal of his ambition, as a man. Of a deeply reverential nature, the Washington of Italy, as he has been called, yet flung his concentrated forces against the Papacy, as the, to him, visible embodiment of oppression, selfishness and injustice. Good Catholics will never pardon his expulsion of Pius IX. from Rome, but none will charge him with any baser motive than a patriotic fervor such as carries every hero over the obstacles in his path. The world is now pretty well agreed that the abolition of the temporal power of the Church was a timely and necessary act, and when its full effects are seen, even Catholic historians will judge Mazzini far more leniently than they have until now for striking the blow he did in 1848.

Americans have good reason to honor the memory of this uncompromising republican, this terror of kings. Every fibre of his heart vibrated in sympathy with us. Our Federal Constitutional Government he regarded as securing equal justice to all, providing an even distribution of power and responsibilities, and insuring the maximum of national strength with the minimum of individual oppression. During our last war he strongly sympathized with the North, for slavery, whether white or black, he hated with the deepest intensity. "No man," he wrote in 1854 to Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester, in response to an invitation to attend a meeting of the North of England Anti-Slavery Association, "ought ever to inscribe on his flag the sacred word Liberty who is not prepared to shake hands cordially with those, whoever they are, who will attach their names to the constitution of your association. I am yours, because I believe in the unity of God; yours, because I believe in the unity of mankind; yours, because I believe in the educability of the whole human race, and in a heavenly law of infinite progression for all; yours, because I have devoted my life to the emancipation of my own country. And I would feel unequal to this task, a mean rebel—not an apostle of truth and justice—had I not felt from my earliest years that the right and duty of revolting against lies and tyranny were grounded on a far higher sphere than that of the welfare of a single nation. Blessed be your efforts—if you do not forget, whilst at work for the emancipation of the black race, the millions of white slaves, suffering, struggling, expiring in Italy, in Poland, in Hungary, throughout all Europe."

William Lloyd Garrison, his biographer, thus eloquently sums up the character of this heroic idealist: "Sublimity has many aspects in the world of matter and in the realm of mind; but where is it so impressively displayed as in the spectacle of a solitary individual, under general outlawry, without country or home, poor to destitution, defenseless, unsustained by any local sentiment, compelled to hide from a relentless espionage, yet with such commanding intellectual and moral powers, such energetic influence, such quickening force of thought and utterance, such incorruptible adherence to principle, such profound reverence for truth and duty, such unflinching trust in God and the right, such abhorrence of oppression, and devotion to the cause of popular liberty, as to carry dismay to crowned usurpers, though guarded by millions of bayonets? Such was Mazzini." To what man of modern times could Free America with more consistency point her sons as their model of all those virtues that adorn the true patriot and constitute the rock upon which alone a great republic can be built?

A FLURRY OF COMMUNISM.

THE outbreaks of communism in Chicago, California and a few other places, have created considerable agitation. But so far there seems to be very little lightning for so much thunder. Of actual communists, America has very few, and they are mostly of the imported variety. Communism is a European product. It is the natural concomitant of oppressive and repressive systems of monarchical government. France was full of it during the last years of the Second Empire. Bismarck keeps it down by an iron hand in Germany. It shows itself in Austria, and is powerful in Russia, whose Government has been forced to resort to extreme measures for its repression. The classes out of which it is made are not sufficiently educated and susceptible to the appeals of agitators to make a formidable demonstration. There is a vast deal of suffering and discontent among English working people, but they are wary, matter-of-fact, and practical in their habits

and ways of thinking; it is property that they want, not the destruction of property. Their dissatisfaction expresses itself in a demand for more beef and beer and bread.

There is no indigenous communism in this country. The agitators who have come here find more ears among foreigners who are scarcely naturalized than among native born Americans. The American inherits the old Saxon love of home and respect for property; he believes in mine and thine; he has an ineradicable faith in industry and order and government. The only material, besides that of foreign importation, the communistic agitators have to work upon is furnished by demoralized labor unions and working people who are out of employment and suffering for want of the necessities of life. It is from this quarter alone that danger can possibly come. The chronic troubles in the Pennsylvania coal mines have developed a sharp antagonism between laborers and their employers, which has resulted in a sort of industrial anarchy destructive to the interests of both classes, and the labor riots of last Summer were the bitter consequences of a policy that is both dangerous and destructive. But the continuance of hard times in all sections of the country proves especially oppressive to laborers who live on meagre earnings, and finding themselves reduced to want and almost to despair by a state of things they did not create—sufferers from no fault of their own—it is natural that many of them should be more or less affected by the appeals of communistic agitators, who descend on their wrongs and miseries, and represent them as the innocent victims of willful oppression. Just here is the danger—here is tinder—and it is barely possible that igniting sparks enough may drop into it to produce a blaze if not a destructive fire. The remedy lies not in denunciations of laborers, nor in measures to suppress their proper associations, but in efforts to establish more friendly relations and a better understanding between laborers and capitalists, and to improve the commercial and industrial condition of the country. A flood-tide of business would sweep a vast deal of rubbish and offensiveness away.

WATER ROUTES AS CHEAP CARRIERS

THE vast and commodious water routes of this country present an easy solution of the problem of cheap transportation. It has been difficult, however, to develop these practical systems of transportation sufficiently to win entire confidence or favor. This is the era of steam, electricity and magnetism, and the old plodding canal boat has been condemned to obscurity and uselessness. The speed of the railroad has outstripped the slowness of the water-courser, and the country's humor has been to patronize speed. The importance of our great lakes and canals, as a factor in the transportation of our products, has in the competition of the railroad been lost sight of. This is due, as well, to the mistaken policy which demanded of and drew from the canals excessive tollage. The tendency has been to retard and impede the canals, working out the idea that they were of but little, if any, use. Ex-Governor Seymour has, in a very able letter, directed attention to this very interesting subject, and has defined clearly the position which our canals can and ought to take in the commercial traffic of this country.

Public attention having been called to the very unwise policy which had been adopted in the treatment of our canal system, beneficial changes have been made in the laws governing it, involving a reduction of tollage from six cents per bushel on grain, a few years ago, to the present rate of one cent. The importance of the canal, as a freight carrier, can be apprehended when the figures of 1877 are fairly considered. The grain shipped to the seaboard during that year fell short of the shipments of the preceding; yet a reduction from one cent and a half to one cent per bushel for tollage resulted in a gain of over some 18,000,000 bushels to the canals, which amount was of course drawn directly from the railroads.

With a system of free canals, it is beyond doubt that transportation by water can be made at less cost than by rail. The latter has clearly demonstrated its inability to compete with the canals in the matter of small rates. At least it will not carry for the same rates as can be charged on boat lines, leaving a fair margin of profit. Without detracting in any way from the merits of the railroad, which reach places not accessible to the canal, it is certain that where the two come in direct competition the latter possesses some advantages which the former has not. While the railroads are permitted to enter into pooling arrangements, it is useless to hope that the shipper can receive fair or just treatment. Discrimination between individuals and locations are the order of the day; and self-interest on the part of railroad companies, backed by the powerful combinations they form, makes futile every

effort of the commercial trader to obtain justice in the rating of freight charges or in facilities for shipments. Such combinations cannot be entered into on the part of boatmen; their interests are so separate and distinct, that to effect such a combination every man owning a boat would have to be influenced in some way to join; such a thing is as well nigh impossible as it is improbable.

It is scarcely necessary to discuss the necessity of fostering our commerce to insure the prosperity of this country. The statistics of the products of this country for the past ten years have shown a gradual increase of production over consumption, and we have been compelled to look to foreign countries for a market for our surplus. The increase in our grain productions has been strikingly large, and to get a market for it we must compete with Russia, a country which now controls the grain trade of Europe. A war between Russia and England can bring to us but a temporary advantage, which would soon be lost if we failed to put our products in the market at equally low figures as asked by our competitors in trade. To acquire a permanent trade, which will bring to us immense wealth, we must depend upon getting our goods into foreign markets as cheaply as may be possible. It is upon this point that the cost of transportation bears most strongly. Which is the cheapest means of transportation, rail or water? Experience has taught us the latter. It is then clearly not only a duty but a necessity to foster the canal, and give to it every opportunity to fulfill its great mission in the traffic of this country. If nothing else could be urged in favor of the canal, a strong argument in its favor is the strenuous opposition it has met with from railroad companies. The efforts put forth by the latter to resist any enlargement of our canal system, or the extension of any favor to it, have been called forth by the competition which the canals have been successfully carrying on with the railroads. If for no other reason than that of continuing a competition which, in the natural order of things, tends to secure to shippers something like fairness in rates and accommodation, the canals should be supported by all interested in the welfare of this country. It is not a question whether the Western grain-raiser is to be benefited at the expense of Eastern taxpayers; no sectional interest is at stake; what will benefit the West in a decreased rate of transportation, will benefit the East in an increase of business with the West. It is of but little importance whether the East or West directly receive the return of increased exports, so that this country is benefited by the increased wealth, and so that those get it who will circulate it to the advantage of all persons and all trades. With free canals and a fair competition on the part of the railroads, there is no reason why wealth and prosperity should not soon revisit our shores, to remain with us for many years, and, perhaps, permanently.

THE PROPOSED ARMY BILL.

THE House Appropriation Committee reported the Army Bill on May 11th. It favors a reduction of the army to 20,000 men. The important changes proposed will provoke a long debate in the House, and it is understood the Republicans will oppose the reduction and general measures of the proposed reform. In fact, the sentiment of the House was known to be so strong against the sweeping reduction and changes that the Military Committee, which has been striving to perfect some such measure ever since this Congress began, abandoned the effort as hopeless, and has resorted to this stratagem of making it a feature of the Army Appropriation Bill. The main feature of the Bill to be presented is, that the army is to be reduced to 20,000 men, organized in five regiments of artillery, six regiments of cavalry and fifteen of infantry. The signal service remains as at present organized, but it is not to exceed 400 men. A contingent of 500 recruits is also allowed above the 20,000 men. Four hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars is appropriated for pay of supernumerary officers, and \$2,160,000 for pay of officers mustered out under the proposed reduction. The total amount of the saving to be effected is \$4,000,000 per annum. The cavalry and infantry registers are to be consolidated by order of the President before the 1st of July next.

The Bill has neither fairness nor expediency to recommend it. It is not just to those who have fitted themselves for the military service of the country to turn them adrift by wholesale, and it is not wise to drive from the army officers whose education has been a considerable cost to the nation. If we are to have an army of only twenty thousand men it will be better to maintain forty or fifty skeleton regiments than half that number of full regiments. We shall then have a valuable nucleus for a large force in case of an emergency, since raw recruits, merged in a regiment

half filled with trained men and well officered, will speedily become efficient soldiers. The present number of regiments ought not to be reduced, and certainly the pay of army officers is by no means too liberal. Besides, the Bill does not hold out a very promising prospect of real economy. The payments to be made to retired officers would sweep away more than the savings for the next two or three years, and by that time a more liberal policy in regard to the military service of the country will probably prevail.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

CONGRESSMAN BUCHARD of Illinois, last week, in a speech on the Bankrupt Law, stated that forty-seven per cent. of all the laborers in the country are farmers, and are busy in the field and not howling about the condition of the country. In the history of all countries there are increased failures upon a falling market. We have had in this country within thirty years three periods of the inflation and decline of prices, presenting similar phenomena and financial results—a rise in prices until 1837, a fall until 1861, again a rise from 1861 to 1865, and from the latter year until 1869 a decline. Again an advance up to 1872, and down again to the present period. When there was an advance in prices men thought they were making money. If they held their property during all the period from the rise to the fall, they found themselves financially just where they were when they started; but if during that period they disposed of their property at the high prices, they gained of course by the advantage. The purchaser must, by the decline, lose all that the seller has made, and his investment may and often does involve him in liabilities that the property itself will not suffice to discharge. Loss and failures are the inevitable result of a falling market, and they will be the heavier and more frequent when the inflation of prices above the usual rates has been the greatest. The country is in this condition to-day. It has returned from the speculative, unhealthy and fictitious prices of 1872 to real values and prices such as ruled prior to 1860. It is the necessary and unavoidable road to a sound business prosperity, and failures must attend speculative purchases and visionary schemes, and even well-planned enterprises and investments be rendered profitless by a decline in prices.

THE answer of the Turkish Government to Russia in regard to the evacuation of the fortresses has been sent to St. Petersburg. Nothing grave is likely to take place in the matter until the Russian rejoinder is returned. A Russian *coup de main* is no longer feared or deemed possible, owing to the strength and organization of the Ottoman forces. According to the Turkish view of the fortress question, the Russians ought to withdraw beyond Adrianople, so as to occupy the line fixed as the eastern limit of Bulgaria. The Turks, however, propose to surrender the places one after the other, so as to allow the Muscovites time to perform their part of the engagement. Should this method be followed, Shumla, Varna and Batoum will probably be surrendered in the order named.

THE establishment of a direct steamship line between the United States and Brazil has started the idea of a similar enterprise between this country and Portugal. On May 9th a Bill was introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Hoar, directing the Postmaster-General to unite with the Post Office Department of the Kingdom of Portugal in establishing monthly mail communication between the two countries, by means of a line of two American steamships, of not less than 1,000 tons burden, at a cost not exceeding thirty dollars per mile per annum for the distance between the termini of the route, which are to be Boston or New Bedford, on this side of the Atlantic, and Lisbon on the other. The service is also to include stoppages at Flores, Fayal, St. George, Terceira and St. Michaels in the Azores. A contract for ten years is to be awarded to the lowest bidder, and the Bill proposes an appropriation of \$75,000 to make the necessary payment.

A NOVEL SCHEME.—Economy with cities in their gas lighting arrangements seems to be the order of the day since Chicago has taken steps in that direction. Pittsburg has followed, but in an entirely novel manner. It is proposed to erect three lighthouses that shall throw "such a flood of light that anywhere in Pittsburg or Alleghany a pin could be seen if lying on the pavement in the darkest night." The lights are to be so located that a perfect crossing of the beams will be effected, thus neutralizing shadows. The promoter of the idea intends, if acceptable, to enlist capitalists who will build and equip lighthouses and run them seventeen years without cost to the city. What is required of the city amounts to this: All the lamp-posts are to be handed over for the company, to be fitted up as

advertising mediums by means of revolving caskets, and the income to be derived therefrom to go into the pockets of the speculators. At the termination of the seventeen years the city, on payment of original cost, takes over the whole apparatus.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL THOMAS L. DAKIN, the well-known member of the American Rifle Team, died in Brooklyn May 13th.

It has been discovered that whisky distillers in Cincinnati have defrauded the Government out of \$1,250,000.

THE House Committee on the Judiciary will report favorably General Butler's Bill to repeal the Tenure-of-office Act.

In one month the new Syndicate has sold \$25,000,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds, and called for the August option of \$5,000,000.

LUTHER REDFIELD, formerly President of the National Bank of Tarrytown, N. Y., has been indicted for perjury and making false returns.

At Philadelphia the ninety-fourth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania was held last week.

On May 10th the United States Senate passed the Bill repealing the Bankrupt Act by a majority of five only. The Bill takes effect in September.

On the re-opening of the Permanent Exhibition of Philadelphia, on May 10th, Senator Blaine made an elaborate defense of the doctrine of protection.

THE Pennsylvania National Greenback Labor Party held its convention in Philadelphia, adopted a new platform and nominated candidates for State officers.

MR. ZAMACONA, Mexican Minister to the United States, was received by President Hayes, May 7th, the ceremony ratifying the recognition of the Diaz Government.

THE Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has resolved not to press the matter of an investigation of the Florida election itself. It is reported that the Republicans will demand a full investigation of frauds in Florida and Oregon.

MUCH excitement continues to prevail throughout the United States about the alleged intention of Russia to fit out war vessels at American ports; and this is increased by daily rumors of the purchase, under mysterious circumstances, of many well-known ocean steamships.

DURING anniversary week special observances were held by the American Bible, the Home Missionary, the American Seamen's Friend, the National Temperance, the New York Colonization, the American Tract and the Female Guardian Societies, and various other charitable and religious associations in New York City.

Foreign.

FRANCE has reduced her rate of postage on prepaid letters.

It is admitted that the Cuban sugar crop will fall short this year from 100,000 to 140,000 tons.

NINE transports with East India troops on board entered the Red Sea, May 10th, on their way to Malta.

CANTON, China, has been visited by a great tornado, during which thousands of houses were destroyed and 500 lives lost.

THE German Government has decided to decline the invitation from the United States to attend the International Coinage Congress.

AN international exhibition of paper and stationery and the industries relating thereto will be held in Berlin from July 10th to August 31st.

GREECE has accepted the invitation of the United States to participate in an international conference to fix the relative values of gold and silver, and Germany has declined.

THE Turkish Minister at Athens has notified to the refugees from the insurgent provinces that they have full liberty to return to their homes, the Sultan having granted them amnesty.

THERE is great excitement over the threatened Fenian raids from the United States. The volunteers have received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service at Brantford, Ontario.

AN explosion occurred among the space coals of the Allan line steamship *Sardinian*, while at anchor near Londonderry, on Friday afternoon, May 10th, and the ship taking fire was run ashore and scuttled. It is feared that a large number of lives were lost.

As THE Emperor William was driving through Berlin on Saturday, May 11th, several shots from a revolver were fired at him. The would-be assassin, with an alleged accomplice, was arrested, and the Emperor was warmly congratulated upon his escape.

By order of the Sultan, the Porte is elaborating Bills for sweeping administrative, judicial, financial and military reforms. The Sultan will appoint Commissioners from among the leading native and foreign residents, who will be instructed to convert these Bills into executive laws in one year.

THE Prince of Wales has assured the French Government that England will not take any measures respecting the Suez Canal without first consulting France. In the Chamber of Deputies M. Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that the Congress negotiations were proceeding, and that a peaceful solution was probable. France, he said, was merely a friendly adviser.

SPECIAL Constantinople telegrams, dated May 13th, state that General Tolleben made a peremptory demand for the surrender of the fortresses, accompanied by a threat to occupy Constantinople. The Cabinet Council thereupon decided to evacuate all three of the fortresses, Shumla first, then Varna and lastly Batoum. The decision was taken rather suddenly upon the report of Osman Pasha that the Turkish army was not in condition to resist the occupation of Constantinople.

GREAT expectations have been raised by the sudden departure of Count Schouvaloff, Russian Minister to England, for St. Petersburg, on a supposed secret mission. He stopped at Berlin for a conference with Prince Bismarck. As it is believed he is charged with propositions from England that, if accepted by Russia, will establish harmony, the reply of the Czar is anxiously awaited. Latest advices assert that Russia has informed the Powers of her intention to acquiesce them immediately of Russia's definite resolutions, resulting from the negotiations with England, and that Russia would then request the services of the Powers to remove any difficulties which might be in the way of a peaceful settlement.

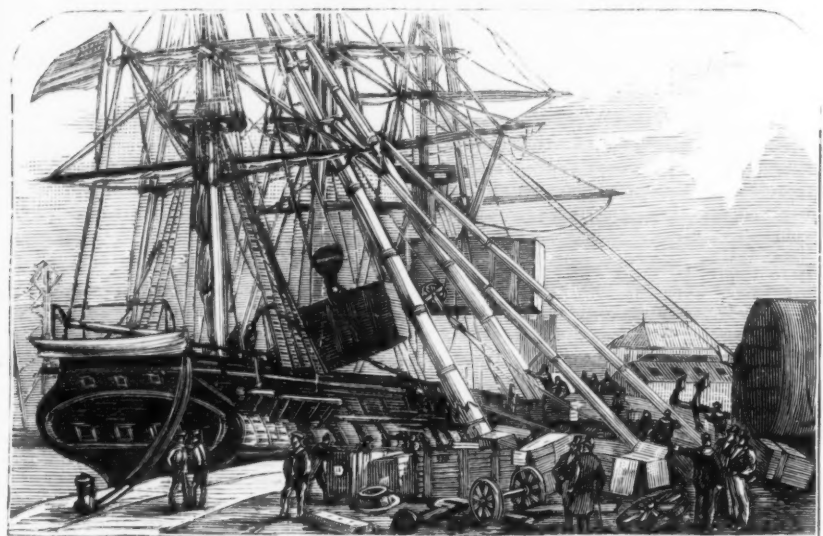
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



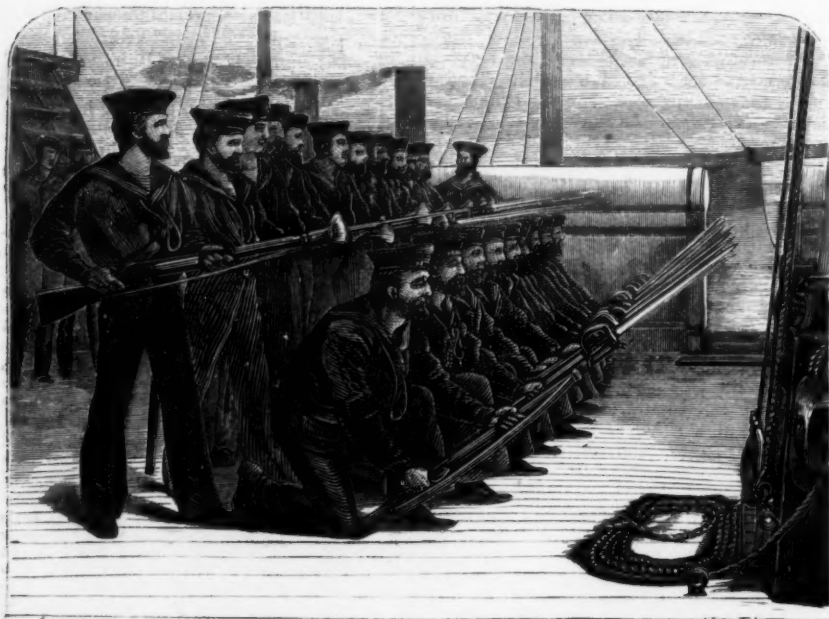
TURKEY.—PRIVATE INTERVIEW OF THE SULTAN WITH THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS IN THE BEYLERBEY PALACE.



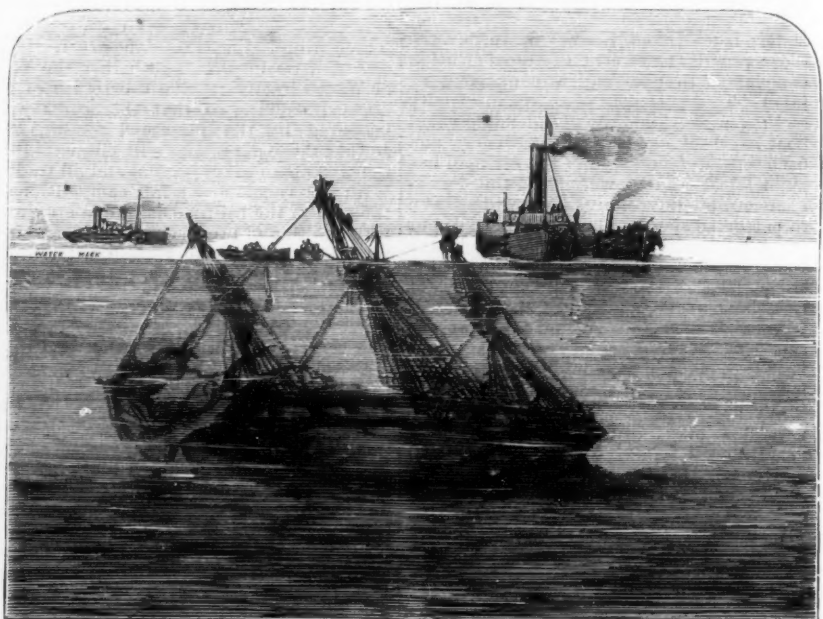
ENGLAND.—ARRIVAL OF ARMY RESERVE MEN AT THE LONDON BARRACKS.



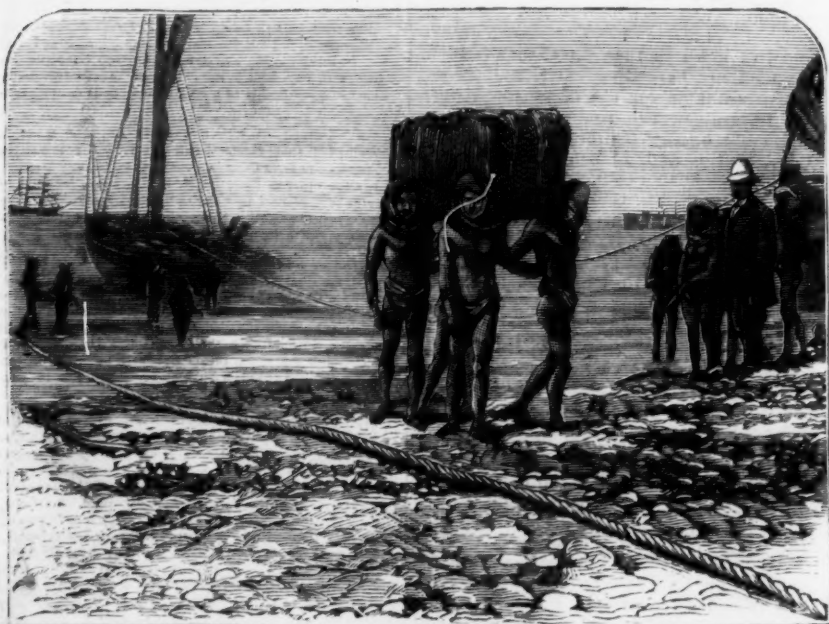
FRANCE.—THE U. S. FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" DISCHARGING AT HAVRE HER CARGO OF GOODS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



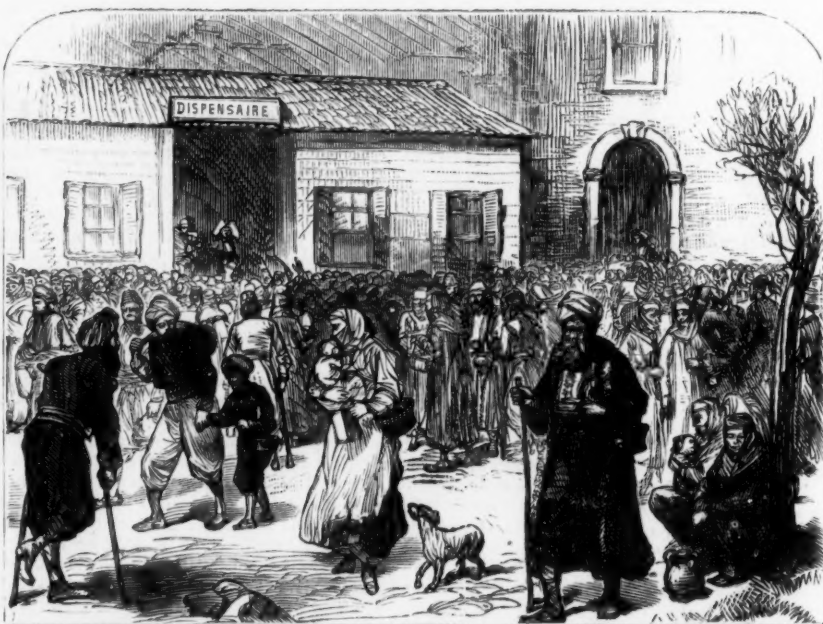
TURKEY.—BRITISH SAILORS IN THE SEA OF MARMORA BEING DRILLED TO REPEL CAVALRY.



ENGLAND.—THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE FOUNDERED TRANSPORT "EURYDICE."



AFRICA.—CAFFRE ALLIES UNLOADING BRITISH WAR-SUPPLIES AT ALGOA BAY.



TURKEY.—THE REFUGEE DISPENSARY AT THE LATIN HOSPITAL, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.



OHIO.—NEW MUSIC HALL ON ELM AND FOURTEENTH STREETS, CINCINNATI, OPENED, MAY 14TH, BY A MUSICAL FESTIVAL UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THEODORE THOMAS.

THE CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL AND THE GREAT ORGAN.

THE great musical festival at Cincinnati, which opened on Tuesday evening, May 14th, was rendered doubly memorable by the dedication of the Music Hall and the huge organ. The hall is the creation of one of Cincinnati's most generous and public-spirited citizens, Reuben R. Springer, who gave over one-half the \$300,000 which it cost, and through his munificent offer induced the giving of the remaining \$120,000.

The building is located on the old Exposition grounds on Elm and Fourteenth Streets, opposite Washington Park, over the site of an Indian burying-ground, and in the days of early Cincinnati used as a citizens' cemetery. The lot, valued at \$300,000, was given by the city for this purpose, the whole or ever to be free from taxation, and the great

hall to be used for musical festivals, expositions, conventions and other public gatherings. The building is of brick, with stone trimmings. The front is an enormous arch of pressed brick, with black mortar, plentifully relieved with beautiful stone-work and lines of black brick. Next to this arch—which, by-the-way, is the largest brick arch in the world—one on either side, are two towers ornamenting the front and furnishing smaller rooms above for use in expositions and on other occasions. Between these are five broad doors opening into a vestibule 100 feet by 45, with a ceiling 45 feet above and a small hall overhead. Outside the towers are more doors, opening into broad corridors 300 feet long, running alongside the main hall, and opening into it by twenty or more doors. The entrance to the hall is thus from three sides by a very large number of very broad doors and of such nature that it could, in case of fire or panic, be emptied in a remarkably short space of time. The main hall is, in round numbers, 200 feet long by

100 wide, and seats with its galleries about five thousand people. Its floor slopes stageward, falling some six feet in the 200. A first gallery runs round on three sides of the room, while a second extends across the end opposite the stage. The walls are plastered, while the arches and ceiling are covered with oiled poplar, an experiment in acoustics, but one which those who have listened to the rehearsals in the hall pronounce a great success.

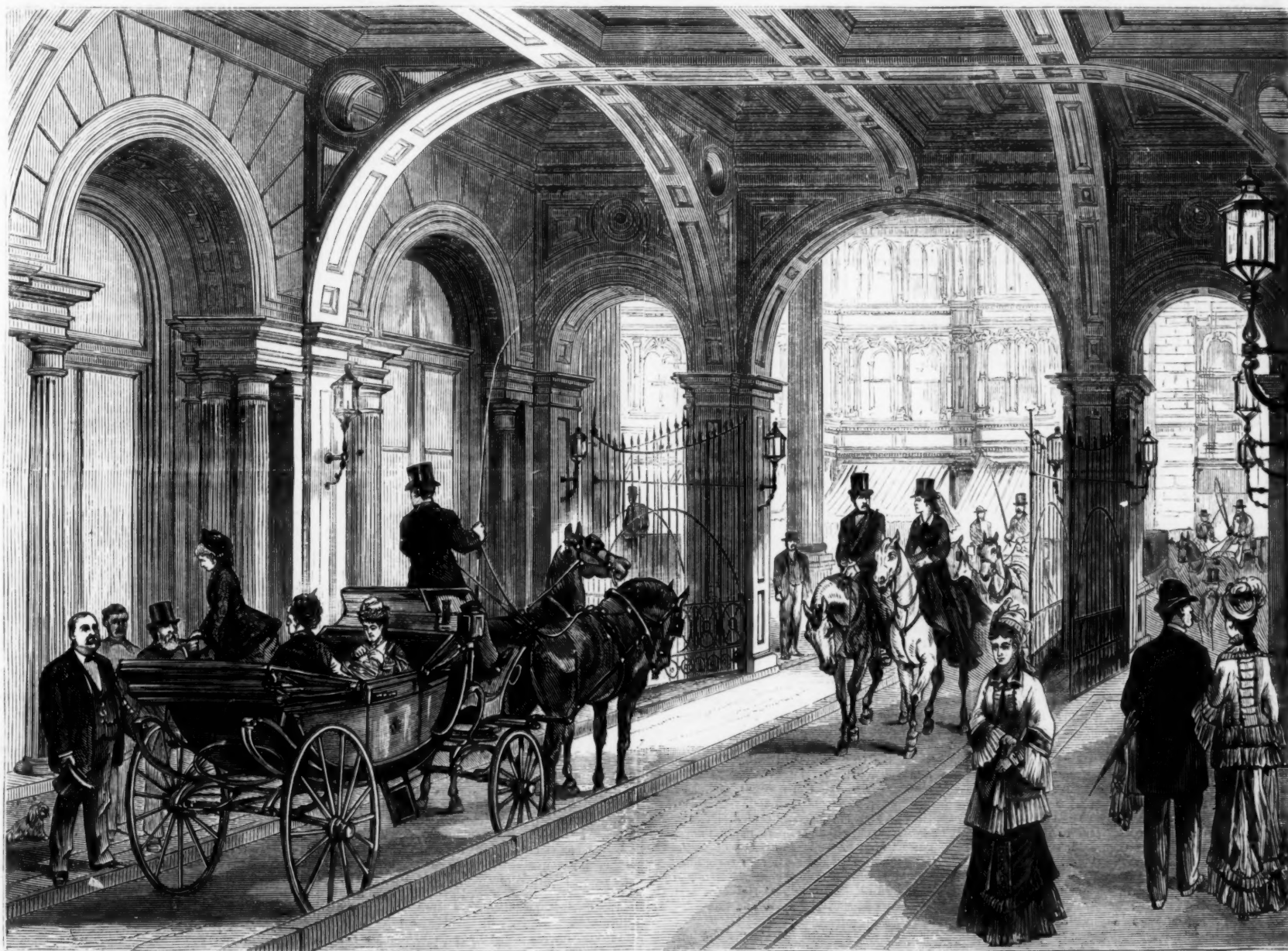
Across the rear end of the hall upon the great stage, which is capable of seating the Thomas Orchestra and a chorus of seven hundred, stands the great organ.

The musical people of Cincinnati may justly feel proud of their new acquisition. The monster organ is not only the largest on the continent, but is justly entitled to be considered the best in the world. It comprises all that is rich, powerful and delightful to the ear, and, with its endless detail of rare carving and its beautifully grouped, great lustrous

pipes—is elegant and artistic in appearance. Its height is 60 feet, width 50 feet, and depth 30 feet. It has 6,287 pipes and 94 stops. Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook & Hastings, of Boston, who built this organ, are well-known throughout the country. The great Plymouth Church organ, the powerful Centennial organ, which stood at the east end of the Main Exhibition Hall, the organ in Boston Cathedral, which is the largest and most magnificent church organ in America, are well-known among many noted products of these Boston builders.

The screen of the great organ is a massive and artistically paneled framework of cherry wood, fifty feet front by sixty feet high, and the elaborate carvings upon it have been done by the pupils of the School of Design, under the encouragement of Mr. Springer, who offered a prize of \$500 for the best block cut.

The organ cost \$26,000, and the screen with additions \$10,000 more. Five water-motors, the largest ever made, pump the bellows.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.

THE GREAT TENOR.

He sang to My Lady,
When he was a boy,
"Love is a jewel
That hath no alloy."
She thought of last Summer,
She looked at her ring:
"Love is not always
What poets sing!"
He heard not her sighing,
He saw no tears start;
In the strength of his young life
He sang from his heart.
He sings to the world now,
My Lady is there,
Alone in the great crowd,
And gray is her hair.
Back comes the old song
He sang when a boy,
"Love is a jewel
That hath no alloy."
And the voice of the singer,
The tears in her heart,
Shall sweeten her cold years,
Nor ever depart!

THE HIDDEN BOX.

SOMETHING like two centuries ago, while the persecution against the Covenanters was raging in Scotland, many were forced, for conscience sake, to give up all and retire to out-of-the-way places, to be out of the reach of their enemies. Among others, a well-to-do farmer of the name of MacWilliam, reduced to penury by the fines imposed upon him, and the confiscation of his lands, withdrew from the home of his youth, and having rented a moorland farm in a remote parish of a neighboring county, he settled down there with his wife and family. Hillfoot—for such was the name of the farm—lay in a hollow between two hills of moderate elevation, which rose with a gentle slope on each side. A burn ran through the farm, and about two miles further on joined a river of some importance. Almost at the confluence of the two the glen took a sharp turn to the left, and thus rendered Hillfoot invisible from the main road, which followed the course of the larger stream.

Though the farm was of considerable extent, little more than a living for the family could be made about it, for heather was more abundant on the hills than grass; and good arable land was out of the question, for the district was so late that cereals could barely ripen, and even the meadows along the holms by the burn-side yielded but scanty crops. It was in this place, however, that James MacWilliam had elected to spend his latter days. All around the house the outlook was no doubt bleak and bare, and far from encouraging; but all that he loved most dearly were with him, and if he had not the comfort and luxury of former days, he had what he prized more than all earthly things—freedom to worship God in the way it seemed best to himself. At the time of his removal to Hillfoot he was about forty years of age, and his wife two or three years his junior. They had been married some fifteen years, and two children—a son and daughter—had blessed their union. John, a lad of fourteen, assisted his father in the tending of their flocks and in the working of the farm; while their daughter Barbara, two years younger, helped her mother in the house; and although she was not strong enough yet to do the heavy work, by the sweetness of her temper and the blitheness of her nature, her presence enlivened all about her and made the heavy task seem light.

Years rolled on; and though they often heard of the persecution and dreadful punishment their fellow-countrymen, nay even their fellow-parishioners, were suffering, still in their remote and unsuspected retreat they were allowed to live on in peace. Ten years had passed, and with them many changes had come over Hillfoot and its inmates. Death had not left it inviolate, for the wife and mother, not strong at best, had been ill able to stand the privations and hardships which the family had endured since settling there. It was with sad hearts that her husband and family saw her pining away; and although they put forth every effort and tried every expedient that love could devise to prolong her life, she sank lower and lower; and when Autumn was merging into Winter, and the heather-bells were beginning to wither, she passed away. Barbara, on whose shoulders the household duties had long before this fallen, was now no longer a girl, but a comely lass of twenty-two. Her tall, graceful figure, kindly manner and sweet disposition, made her beloved by all who knew her, and brought her many admirers. She had become betrothed to a young man, a shepherd on a neighboring farm, and but for the ailing health and subsequent death of her mother, was to have been married the following Summer.

John, on whom, from the decrepitude of his father, the management of the farm had now devolved, had applied himself with so much earnestness to his task, and things had so prospered in his hands, that the family were in a much better condition than they had ever been since their coming here.

Of all the neighbors they had come in contact with, James Morton of Burnfoot-hill was the one with whom they had the most dealings. Morton's wife had been dead for many years; but his only daughter Janet, a young woman about Barbara's age, kept house for her father. At bottom, Morton was an honorable enough man, but he was grasping and worldly, and cared little for those things which his neighbor MacWilliam regarded as most sacred. Between the old folks accordingly there had been little coming and going; but Barbara and Janet were fast friends, for the two girls had forgotten among the braes shortly after the former had come to Hillfoot, and an intimacy was then formed which grew closer as they grew older, and which now rendered the two almost inseparable.

John MacWilliam had also found something of a kindred spirit in Janet, and from taking a deep interest in her welfare, he gradually awoke to the consciousness of regarding her with a true and honest affection. He had long worshiped at a distance; but now that his mother was dead,

and his sister betrothed to a neighboring swain, he determined to approach the object of his love and tell her the state of his feelings. An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Janet came on a visit to Hillfoot one lovely June afternoon, and in the evening, as she was preparing to go home, John volunteered to accompany her. They sallied out and wended their way down the burn-side. The sun was sinking behind the hills; the sky was bright and clear and peaceful overhead, and as the shadows lengthened, a dead calm seemed to descend on all things around. Nothing was to be heard save the purling of the brook at their feet, or the bleat of the lambs far up the hill-side. The quiet beauty touched the hearts of both as they tripped along, and caused them to linger by the way, that they might the longer gaze on the tranquil scene. Seating themselves on a grassy knoll, with the maiden's hand clasped in his, he told in simple yet passionate language how he had long regarded her with the deepest affection, and that she alone could make him happy. Need more be said? They rose to go, for the shadows were deepening; and as they sauntered down the glen hand in hand, it was agreed that he should ask her father's consent that very night.

When they entered Burnfoot-hill, Morton was much surprised to see John at such an unusual hour; and when he learned his errand, was not overpleased, for he had calculated that his daughter, of whom he was justly proud, would make a better match, since he was rich, and she being his only child, was the heiress-apparent to all his possessions. Accordingly, he would give his consent only on two conditions, and these were, that John should buy Hillfoot and portion it to his daughter! When John heard these conditions, his heart died within him; and he parted that night from Janet like a man in a dream, and despairing of ever being able to fulfill the conditions, he retraced his steps up the glen with a heavier heart and less elastic step than when an hour or two before he had come down. When he reached home, he knelt by his bedside and prayed to the Father of all mercies for help to enable him to bear up with his trouble.

Throughout the long night he pondered and racked his brain for some expedient whereby he might raise the necessary funds and remove the only obstacle between himself and his happiness, and carry Janet home in triumph—his reward and joy. The day dawned, and as he prepared to go forth to his first duty in the morning, that of looking after the sheep, he felt as if there was no life in him—as if there was nothing to live for now. But the old adage says truly—the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Seizing his staff, he stalked forth, and began to ascend the hill. He had scarcely reached the top when he saw right in front of him a man looking carefully amongst the heather as if for something he had lost. He appeared to be a stranger to the place; and his dress showed him to be no shepherd; and John, surprised that such a person should be there at so early an hour, went forward and accosted him. The stranger started when he heard a voice, for he had not noticed any one approaching, but answered cheerily the "Good-morrow" addressed to him. At first he regarded his interrogator with some suspicion; but the frank, open countenance of the latter soon dispelled all doubt; and when John asked whether he had lost anything, the stranger proceeded to tell him the following story.

He began: "I am a captain in the Scottish army, and the other day, while sitting in my house in Edinburgh, I received a message to come to the Tolbooth jail, as an old friend desired very particularly to see me. Wondering who this friend in the Tolbooth could be, I set out, and having arrived there, you can judge of my surprise when I recognized in the prisoner before me an old comrade and fellow officer, Bertram by name. We had served together under Leslie, and had been fast friends. After some years Captain Bertram left his regiment, and went up to London. What he went for I could never learn, but I lost sight of him from that time until he sent for me to come to the Tolbooth. His history, he told me, had been an eventful one; and he had passed through much since I had seen him last. Amongst other things, he had allied himself with the ringleaders in the Rye-house Plot; and when that conspiracy had become known to the Government, my friend the captain fled with all haste from London, and made the best of his way to Scotland. Though he had made many narrow escapes, he got across the Border safe enough, and was congratulating himself on having at last reached a haven of safety, when he learned to his surprise that the limbs of the law were still on his track, and that even there he was not safe. He hurried North as fast as possible, thinking to find refuge in the Highland glens; but his pursuers had been gaining on him, and as he was traversing this part of the country—I take it to be on the top of this very hill—he saw his pursuers, a party of red-coats, come over the top of yonder hill on the other side of the valley. He had carried with him from England a small box of extremely valuable jewelry, by selling which he would have as much as would keep him in his old age and forced retirement. But when he saw the soldiers so close on him, he hid the box in a tuft of heather, so that if he were taken it might not fall into the hands of his enemies; and if he did escape, he might have an opportunity of coming back and recovering it. He was, however, captured before he reached Glasgow, which I believe is not more than twelve miles from here; thence he was taken to Edinburgh and confined in the Tolbooth, where I saw him. I interested myself in his case, and used all my influence to get him set free; but the evidence of his guilt was too decided to admit of a doubt, and the Government was in no forgiving mood. He was tried, condemned, and has been executed. The night before his execution he sent for me and described the place where he had left his box of valuables, and asked me to go and search for them and take the use of them. From the description I got of the hill, I think this must be the one, and my errand here this morning is to find this lost treasure."

When he had finished his story, John immediately volunteered to help him in his search for the box; and the stranger being nothing loath, the

two started to look, and continued the search until the sun had mounted high in the heavens. The stranger, unused to the rough and uneven ground of the hill, was completely knocked-up, and determined to give up the search as useless, remarking that it reminded him of looking for a needle in a haystack. After being pressed to go down and partake of some refreshments—which, however, the stranger declined—and as they were on the point of parting, John asked him to leave his address, so that if he did find the box, he would be able to let him know. The stranger did so, and promised a handsome reward if the box was found and brought to Edinburgh. They parted, the stranger to make the best of his way to the village, which lay some four miles off, and thence take horse to Glasgow; John to go his rounds amongst the sheep, which had been neglected while the search was going on.

Whilst he was thus occupied, he kept turning over in his mind what had passed between the stranger and himself, and it suddenly occurred to him that here was an opportunity of raising at least a little money; for, should he find the box, the stranger had promised a handsome reward. At the thought, a wild, tumultuous joy filled his breast, and he eagerly hastened to finish his round and get back home, so that when he had breakfasted he might renew the search. He was, however, so far behind his usual time of arrival that he found his kinsfolk in consternation at his protracted stay. Fearing some accident had befallen his son, the old man was on the point of going out to seek for him when he made his appearance. John told them the cause of his delay; and also declared his intention of going out to continue the search as soon as he had satisfied his hunger.

The story told by her brother made a great impression on Barbara, and she, after sitting wrapt in thought for a few minutes, exclaimed: "It must have been him!" Her brother, in surprise, asked what she meant; and then she told how, one afternoon two or three months before, she had wandered up the burn-side with her seam in her hand, and had seen a man running along the hill as fast as the nature of the ground would permit; and as he ran she saw him halt, and, as it were, bend down amongst the heather, and then start off to run again. She stood and watched him till he went out of sight, thinking it was perhaps some poor Covenanter chased by "Kirk's Lambs," who at that time were the terror of the country; but having watched some time longer, and seeing no one in pursuit, she concluded it would simply be a shepherd on some errand of dispatch, and thought no more about it. Her brother's recital, however, had brought the circumstance to her memory; and, laying the two things together, she inferred that it must have been Captain Bertram she had seen, and that when she saw him stoop, he had concealed the box of valuables.

When John heard his sister's story, he eagerly questioned her whether she could trace the man's course along the hill, or point out the place where she had seen him stoop. Barbara was uncertain, but volunteered to accompany her brother and indicate, so far as she could remember, the spot he was so anxious to find. Hurriedly partaking of the food his sister had prepared for him, in a very few minutes the two issued forth to begin the search. They agreed that it would be better to go to the place where she had been standing when she saw the fugitive, so that she might have a better idea of where to look. They accordingly held their way up the valley, and as they were going he told her all that had passed the night before, and explained how it was that he was so eager to fall in with the concealed treasure. She, with all the ready sympathy of a sister, entered into his spirit; and when they had reached the place where she thought she had been standing, she proposed that he should go up the hill, and in that way she might be more able to tell definitely at what distance the man had been out. The suggestion seemed good, and was immediately carried out; and at the distance of nearly half a mile from where she was standing she signaled him to stop. She immediately ascended, and as soon as she had reached him the search began in earnest. Sticking his staff in the ground where he had been standing, he hung his plaid upon it; and then Barbara and he, going out something like fifty yards, and taking different directions, each described a semicircle, with the plaid as centre, meeting on the opposite side. They continued the process, narrowing the circle every round, till they had come within five yards of the plaid; but all to no purpose. The task seemed hopeless, and they were on the point of abandoning the search in the space they had inclosed with the first round when Barbara, with a joyful cry, drew forth the box from a thick bunch of heather!

The two then hurried home to make known their good fortune to their father, and also to consult how they should let Captain Hamilton, John's friend of the morning, know that they had found the box. There were no telegraph-wires in those days which could flash the news to its destination in a few minutes; nor were there even mails from so remote a place, by which letters could be carried with anything like safety or precision. The only way, therefore, that seemed to be advisable, was that John should take the box and carry it all the way to Edinburgh and hand it over to the rightful owner. It was accordingly resolved that he should start very early next morning, which would enable him to reach Edinburgh that day, and take the box with him. To effectually conceal it, Barbara put up two pairs of blankets of her own weaving into a bundle, with the box inside; and when the east was beginning to turn gray, John set out with his bundle on his back, and some cakes and cheese in his pocket. On he trudged with a light step and lighter heart, for he felt he was on the eve of having his dearest wish fulfilled. Long before its inhabitants had begun to stir, he passed through Glasgow, then an insignificant city compared with its present grandeur and prosperity. While it was still early, halting by the wayside he quenched his thirst at a neighboring spring, and then walked on, passing many villages by the way. By midday he reached Falkirk, and having there done justice to his cakes and cheese, he pushed on; and as the sun was sinking in the west he reached Edinburgh, and with

little difficulty sought out the address given him by his friend the captain.

He found that that gentleman lived in one of the most fashionable houses in the town; and when he knocked at the door and asked to see Captain Hamilton, the page told him in a very rough manner that his master had no time to waste on such as he. John felt nettled at this impertinence, but respectfully desired him to tell his master that the shepherd with whom he had been speaking the morning before was at the door, and wished to see him. The page very reluctantly went; and when he had delivered his message was not a little surprised to see the alacrity with which his master obeyed the summons. The captain took John into his private room, and there eagerly asked him if he had found the box. For an answer, John quietly drew the article asked for from his bundle and handed it to the captain, who took it, and, having produced the key which Bertram had given him when he told him the story, opened the box and found the contents all safe. He did not tell John what was the value of the jewels it contained, but after having been made acquainted with the mode in which the treasure had been recovered, he produced a bag containing one thousand guineas and handed it to the faithful shepherd, as the reward of his honesty and fidelity. He, at the same time, pressed him to accept of his hospitality for that night, to which John readily consented, being thoroughly worn out by his long and tiresome journey. Ordering meat to be set before his guest, he waited till he had had enough, and then conducted him to a bedroom for the night.

It would hardly be possible to describe the feelings of John when he found himself alone. An overpowering sense of gratitude to his heavenly Father filled his breast, and, failing on his knees, he poured forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for what he had received. In the magnificent reward he had earned, he saw the highest aim of his ambition won, and his dearest hopes consummated. Having at length retired to rest, his thoughts kept him awake for some time; but tired Nature soon asserted herself, and he sank into a deep and refreshing slumber, and slept until the beams of the rising sun, shining into his room, roused him, and warned him that it was time to be taking the road. He rose, dressed himself, and was on the point of leaving, when the butler knocked at the door and told him breakfast was laid for him in the hall. Gratefully partaking of the offered cheer, he then set forth on his journey homeward, where he arrived as the gloaming was deepening into night. His story was soon told; and when he held forth the bag of gold and declared how much it contained, and assured them that it was all his own, his sister fairly broke down and wept for very joy. John then told his father the whole story of how he had trudged to the Scottish metropolis, and what he had there found; and he in the fullness of his heart embraced his children, and thanked God who had been so bountiful to them.

There is little more to tell. The muirland farm changed owners, and the house was repaired. James Morton was no longer opposed to the marriage of his daughter Janet and John MacWilliam, for his son-in-law-elect was no longer a poor tenant-farmer, but an independent laird; and before another Summer had come and gone, a new mistress had begun to rule at Hillfoot, and Barbara had been wedded to her shepherd-swain. It is unnecessary to follow them further in detail; suffice it to say that John and Janet lived long and happily together, and had the pleasure of seeing their sons and daughters grow up around them; and when he died, he left Hillfoot to his eldest son, charging him neither to sell it nor to leave it. Well and faithfully has that injunction been carried out, for to this day a descendant of the MacWilliamses is in possession of Hillfoot.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WHIRLING around the corner of Market Street, we are at the main entrance of the Palace Hotel, fronting on a quiet, sunless little side-street, and majestically frowning down from its overgrown amplitude upon the Grand Hotel entrance, exactly opposite. Under a great wide archway, guarded by tall gates of wrought-iron hospitably swung wide, we drive into the grand court, the centre of the hollow square upon which the hotel is built, and find ourselves straightway in what appears to us a sort of enchanted region, all light and brightness, as befitting fairyland or a king's palace—so completely have we forgotten that a "hotel" means anything but a wayside inn-station, or that the architectural idea can rise beyond a three-story brick front at most. Here in the centre of the court is a circular carriage-sweep, wherein half a dozen of the lumbering hotel-coaches could turn at once; and this is half surrounded by a wide sidewalk, paved in blocks of white and black marble, dotted with light settees for the daily and nightly habitués, and bordered by many-branched candelabra, alternating with tall, tropical plants. On the right-hand is the entrance, through a cool, marble vestibule, to the reception-rooms and the great hall, while to the left lie the offices and the more exclusively maculいた haunts. On all four sides look down the galleries, eight tiers, bright and airy, with their white balustrades and rows of glittering gaslights, and above all, roofing us in, is the clear glass dome that lets through such a generous flood of sunshine and blue sky to all this grand coup d'œil of lightness and brightness and color. Our good friend Leland stands ready to welcome us, and upon it we enter, bowed, as it were, to the earth, with a sense of the concentrated dirt of the Union and Central Pacific roads upon us. Verily, a large portion of the Plains, and not a little of the soil of Virginia City, must be distributed among our small company; but we shake it off—as much as we can—at the immaculate white marble threshold, and pass in, glad of heart, to the haven where we would be.

If there be a drawback patent to the eye and sense of the passing sojourner at the Palace, it lies in the very grandeur of all its appointments, in the colossal scale on which everything is drawn, almost precluding the possibility of a

real home-feeling under its great roof. The suites of room are large and lofty, cheerful with their bright bowed windows and Eastlake furniture in sunny-colored native woods; but once outside of these, one loses oneself in the immense corridors, down whose long vistas passing figures are dwarfed, and interminable distances appear to open with every intersecting hall to the right and left; an army might tramp down the great shallow-stepped staircases, or hold a review in the softly carpeted galleries overlooking the court; and as for the grand dining-room, between the door of exit and the tables at its further end, one has a fair chance to walk off any possible twinge of after-dinner dyspepsia. The parlors—like so many ball-rooms opening into each other—with their handsome appointments, tall Chinese vases, and quaint delineations of stupendous California scenery by way of pictures on the walls, would harbor in their nooks and corners any number of flirtatious *l'été-à-été* at once; but I rather think the galleries, of an evening, are the chosen spots where most of this small warfare is carried on. Not only to lovers are they favorable, but they afford a spacious playground to the young children who here, as elsewhere, act as scourges on a small scale to society, and who, even with all the power of their young lungs, can scarcely fill these "magnificent distances." With an eye perhaps to their safety, as well as for visitors of larger growth, the balustrade of every gallery is guarded with a silver-plated rail something over a foot from the top, and the space between filled in with a sweep of plate-glass, the same arrangement being carried down every stairway.

More inviting to the weary than all these luxuries, however, are the blessed appointments of the bath and toilet which await us, and every one makes haste to "adore with head uncovered" these magnificent powers. It is eight o'clock before most of us have emerged from our rooms; and then, behold a transformation! Instead of daylight and a glimpse of blue afternoon sky in the grand court, there is a flood of gaslight, for every chandelier, from the marble pavement to the dome, is brilliantly lighted, and every gallery is full of loungers and gayer than any flower-garden with the most gorgeous of dinner toilets; while down in the court below the band is playing, and our welcome to San Francisco comes floating up in the very sweetest "tone-poems" of Rossini and Offenbach.

A FATAL EXPLOSION.

DESTRUCTION, BY DUST-FIRE, OF FIVE STEAM FLOURING MILLS, IN MINNEAPOLIS.

ON the evening of May 2d, a few minutes after seven o'clock, the city of Minneapolis was startled by an explosion of such tremendous force that buildings in all directions were shaken to their foundations, and windows were crushed as if an explosion had occurred in each particular building. The same experience and sensation are described in localities half a mile distant from the scene of the stunning, sickening disaster, which no pen can adequately describe.

In an instant after people had recovered from the first shock, those on the streets happening to look in the direction of the great Washburn mill saw a column of flame and smoke, of intense darkness, shoot into the sky several hundred feet, supplemented with fragments of wrecked timbers which fell earthward again, and their downward passage crushed the great and solid structure as if it had been a mere eggshell. Those in the vicinity assert that a second explosion followed instantaneously upon the heels of the first and crushed the Thompson & Hoyt and Humboldt Mills immediately adjoining the Washburn Mill, leaving them all burning in a shapeless ruin. All three of the mills were torn by a power for which only uncertain explanations have been offered, and the cause of the disaster is still left to varying conjectures; but it was powerful enough to shake the City Hall building, and others far removed from the scene of the horrible disaster, as if they all had been the merest paper shells; and the fearful concussion crushed the window glass into minute fragments for many squares in every direction; those around the platform and lining Washington Avenue being conspicuous sufferers in this particular. In short, no building escaped injury in the vicinity or along Washington Avenue, which is two blocks away, the glass wreck extending north and south from Fourth to Eighth Avenues, south. But these limits do not embrace all the minor damage caused by the explosion.

Almost before any of the startled inhabitants had reached the scene of the disaster the three mills above mentioned were one huge caldron of fire, which extended across the street, the Galaxy and Pettit & Robinson's magnifying the horror of the situation, and increasing the already imminent peril of the great manufacturing centre of the city of Minneapolis, including the most valuable cluster of mills on the continent.

In addition to the tremendous alarm sounded by the explosion, the fire-bells added to the commotion, and citizens and firemen rushed to the rescue, moved by one common impulse. The picture on which they gazed after their arrival beggars description. Six large mills were grasped in the embrace of the fiery Laocoon, and for a time human exertions seemed as unavailing in saving the adjacent buildings as in saving the poor souls who had ascended to their God in wreck and flames as suddenly as if shot from a cannon.

THE VICTIMS.

The scenes of suffering were heartrending. The fire raged with uncontrollable fury, until it had consumed everything which would burn, leaving besides the empty walls of the three river-side mills nothing but heaps of stone and masses of wrecked machinery. Under or in these *débris* lay the remains of a number of human beings.

John Boyer, of the Diamond Mill, was seen by those who rushed to the scene of the fire, painfully struggling over the ruins through the blazing fire and smoke. He reached the side of the railway bed and crawled till he could almost touch the rail with the already charred stumps which ended his arms. Twenty men, barred from him by a wall of fierce flames, saw him, burned and bleeding from ghastly wounds, grasp feebly and vainly at a rope thrown toward him, and then sink back dead. An hour passed before his limbless body and bared skull, all that was left of him, could be lifted out, though a steady stream of water was kept playing on the spot where he lay. John Monte, a watchman in the Galaxy Mill, jumped from a third-story window. Fortunately, the explosion had ripped up the timber covering of the canal, and he fell in the water, receiving only slight injuries. Two men perished in the Humboldt Mills.

Shortly after the explosion, the wife of one of the millers employed at the Washburn Mills was observed rushing through the gathering crowds; the consciousness of her loss had rendered her insane, and she insisted on plunging into the flames where her husband had perished. The utmost exertions of two strong men were required to prevent her from carrying the design into execution.

Daniel A. Day, second miller, acting as watchman at Pettit & Robinson's mills, was in the mill office on the first floor, by a window on the north side, with his back towards the front window, and near it, and at his right against the partition was a heavy desk. He heard no sound. The first he knew he was hurled against a stone wall and the desk after him. Recovering, he instinctively rushed to a window, when he was again thrown back. By this time the office was full of flying *débris*. Somewhat stunned, he scrambled to a side-window. The wall was plainly rocking, and waves from the canal rolled several inches deep into the office. Still he had heard no noise. By this time an atmosphere of flame had swept through the mill. He tried to turn on the water, but found he had no time. He dropped from a side-window, and escaped with many bruises.

The total loss of life by the catastrophe was eighteen, and the loss of property was upwards of one million dollars.

THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

It is the concurrent testimony of all the practical millers consulted that the dust-fire in the stones is of an exceedingly inflammable nature, and that gas is generated by the action of the burrs. So well is this fact known, that imperative orders are in operation at all mills against lights at night within reach of the dust and gas. It is now presumed that the nightwatchman, in making his first round, may have failed to observe this precaution and communicated the fire from his lantern or lamp to the inflammable gas and inflammable dust which spreads into parts of the building at once, and caused a terrific and disastrous explosion. The mill had a narrow escape from a similar accident only a few months ago, and was then considerably injured, but not seriously. The power of this agent certainly rivals that of nitro-glycerine, and the effects are not altogether dissimilar. The theory receives additional support from the fact that the Trade-stone Mill at Glasgow, Scotland, was destroyed some years ago in a similar manner, from igniting accidentally. The fire from the Washburn Mill appeared to follow upon the heel of the explosion into the adjoining mills on the other side of First Street. The interior of all these seemed to be converted at once into one sheet of flame.

DUST-FIRE.

The dust from the grinding-stones generates a gas, which, being ignited, explodes. The novelist, Charles Reade, has described the process in "Put Yourself in his Place." Frequent accidents of the kind have occurred in this country. The first important case occurred at Maskouta, Ill., in September, 1864. In that case the mill was running at night, grinding "middlings." These were fed from a large box or chamber from the upper part of the mill, and at about three o'clock in the morning became clogged. The miller went up to jar the middlings down. He carried a small open lamp in his hand, which he placed on a beam just behind and above his head. He then opened the side and thrust in a shovel, which started the middlings down with a thud, raising a cloud of dust which issued through the open slide, and the moment it came in contact with the lamp, flashed as if it had been coal-gas, burning the miller's hair and beard, and filling the middling-box with a sheet of flame. The fire spread with great rapidity, and the mill was burned down. Since then there have been numerous cases of like character.

Household Furniture.

EXPERIENCE tells us that furniture will be more likely to prove satisfactory if simple and graceful, rather than elaborate and extravagant in design. There is no economy in buying inferior ill-made articles because they are cheap. They will either get to look shabby or will need repair in a very short time, and, in the end, will prove the more expensive. All articles of furniture should, in size, material, and shape, be suited to their position and surroundings—should be adapted to the special purpose to which they are to be applied—and they should harmonize well with each other. Excepting in very large rooms, or in conformity with a fixed idea, large patterns, extravagant designs, and striking colors, should be avoided. Subdued (but not dingy) colors and small patterns are much safer than large masses of color, and the brightness of the room should depend rather upon the table-covers, books, flowers, and other ornaments, than upon the color of the carpets and curtains. Large furniture is out of place in a small room; slight, spare furniture is not suited to a large room. The designs for carpets and floor-cloths should be adapted for horizontal surfaces and for being trodden on. In a dining-room the patterns and colors should be rich, deep, and warm. In a drawing-room they should be light and delicate. When the rooms have a northerly aspect, the colors in the dining-room should not be too dark or sombre; in the drawing-room they should not be cold. Bedrooms should be bright, airy, and cheery. In all the rooms the furniture should not be too much crowded, and stiffness should be avoided as much as possible.

Conversation.

CONVERSATION is the latest flower of culture. It needs, in order to come to anything near perfection, a consensus of inward and outward conditions, the absence of any one of which is fatal. The delicate exchange and alternation which it implies is impossible not only if there is not some parity of value in the thoughts exchanged, but also the tact and art of selection among them. It requires, above all things, a light hand, the power of taking up a subject easily and readily, of holding it not too tightly, of adapting the treatment of it to the interlocutor's need or point of view, of losing it when it has ceased to serve as a mental stimulus, and of taking up another with the same readiness, to be dropped, in its turn, as soon as it has served its purpose. A thorough discussion of a subject is always out of place in a conversation—you want hints, guesses, glimpses, the suggestion of varied points of view, side-lights, the play of fancy and humor, even the ironical treatment of one's own serious interests, all colored by a direct reference to the individual mind to which you are for the moment brought near. To dull nature a good conversationalist always looks inconsistent. His many-sidedness seems contradictory; his instinct and need to be all things to all men has an air of insincerity about it, while in fact it is only a sublimated veracity; his

sense of the relativity of truths and of the multitudinous phases, sides, shapes, and references, wears to the narrow, plodding understanding a look of sophistry and frivolity. The homely wit, which stays where it grew in its own little plot of earth, is puzzled at the vagabond instinct which sends other minds soaring and wheeling and circling in search of fresh and distant prospects.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Interview of the Sultan and the Grand Duke.

We have already taken occasion to describe the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Sultan, on the 25th of March, and how on the same day the Sultan returned the visit at the Palace of Beylerbey, which had been placed by the Sultan at the service of the Duke during his stay in Constantinople. The interview, which did not last a great while, took place in the presence of M. Onau, first dragoman of the Russian Embassy and Vedik Pasha. The former stands at the left, in our picture, and the latter is at the Sultan's right hand. After the second meeting, both the Duke and Sultan returned to the Dolma Bagtche Palace, in the steam launch, from whence the Grand Duke drove to the Russian Embassy, in the Grand Rue de Pera.

The British Army Reserve.

One of our foreign pictures represents the entrance-gate of one of the London barracks, showing the arrival of some of the men belonging to the Army Reserve or Militia Reserve forces, who were bidden to assemble for duty not later than the 19th, by the Queen's Royal Proclamation displayed on church-doors in every parish in the kingdom. Many of these occasional-service men, though doubtless proficient in their military drill and inspired with the virtues of soldierhood, had contracted, perhaps, rather more of the domestic habits of civilian life than will be found compatible with the experiences of an actual campaign. They arrived, in some instances, bringing with them trunks and portmanteaus of respectable size. The British Army Reserve may be said to have come really into existence only last year, when the men began to complete the prescribed period of six years' service with the colors. Even up to the present moment the sources from which it is supplied are not complete. The men who are in India and at other foreign stations have to serve an additional twelve months, or seven years altogether, with the colors, before they pass into the Reserve, and from this category the first installment of about 3,000 has yet to become available, and will not join the Reserve before next year. Then the Cavalry and Artillery, in which the term of active service is eight years, have as yet contributed but a few men, and their first yield of importance would not occur before 1879 or 1880. The present is the first year in which the Army Reserve has reached the respectable strength of 12,000 men, but this number is only about one-fifth of the muster which, according to the latest careful calculations, will ultimately be reached. With the system in full play, the normal strength of the First Class Army Reserve will be but a trifle under 80,000 men.

Unloading American Goods for the Paris Exposition.

In the last week of March there arrived at the port of Havre, the United States naval transport *Supply*, laden with goods intended for exhibition in the American division of the Paris International Exposition. A few days later the frigate *Constitution* likewise arrived at the same port similarly laden. One of our pictures represents the latter vessel discharging her cargo, which was largely composed of heavy articles, such as vehicles, engines, etc. One "exhibit" which attracted great attention from the citizens of Havre was a solid block of coal weighing about ten tons—a "black diamond" of proportions never before witnessed in that place.

Musketry Drill in the British Navy.

The utility of giving regular military instruction to the naval service, with a view to their occasional employment on shore, has been exemplified by the efficient action of British seamen, combined with land forces, in several recent campaigns, notably in the expedition against the Ashantees on the West African Coast. Those on board the ironclad fleet under Admiral Hornby in the Sea of Marmora are constantly exercised in a great variety of warlike practices, including the ordinary drill of infantry soldiers, as well as the handling of their own great guns, and the use of the cutlass, pike, and other weapons commonly found on shipboard. The well-known order, "Prepare to receive Cavalry!" which is obeyed by the front rank kneeling, with bayonets raised in an oblique position, to encounter, breast-high, the charge of the enemy's horse, might perhaps seem of questionable utility for seamen, but they are liable to be called upon for land service.

The Raising of the "Eurydice."

Down to April 25th the efforts which had been made to raise this unfortunate vessel had proved unavailing, the primary cause of the failure of the operations being the strength and swiftness of the Spring tides, and the insufficiency of the anchors to hold the lighters on which the lifting apparatus is placed. The *Eurydice* is lying in Sandown Bay, where she foundered, the divers having dived her of almost everything but her standing gear. On the 12th the first chain cable was passed underneath her hull, and a hammock and its fittings were brought up from the deck. No bodies have as yet been recovered. The work has been practically handed over to the submarine engineers of London, whose divers were employed after the colliery accident in South Wales last year. The plan adopted was to sweep the head of the vessel with two seven-inch steel wire hawsers, and to endeavor to cradle her ashore between two powerful lighters. The *Malta*, one of the most powerful tugs, attached her hawser to the mainmast of the sunken vessel and then steamed ahead with the object of lifting her off the ground, but the *Eurydice* did not move, and the attempt was not repeated. The Lords of the Admiralty are beginning to get disheartened with the delay, and have ordered the officers of Chatham Dockyard to confer with those at Portsmouth as to the best means of raising the ship. Meanwhile the court-martial has been delayed in the hope that the condition of the ship, when raised, might supply further evidence as to the causes which led to the disaster.

Caffres Unloading British Stores.

Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, is the great seaport of the southeastern coast of Cape Colony, and, after Cape Town, is the most important town of the settlement, containing some 15,000 inhabitants. Our engraving of Caffres unshipping goods at Algoa Bay speaks for itself. It was in Algoa Bay that, in 1820, the first band of British settlers on that part of the coast landed, and subsequently founded the now thriving Port Elizabeth. As a rule, the Caffre is not noted for any great bodily strength, although his physical endurance of hardships is renowned. He possesses the bump of selfishness in the highest degree, and, despite his swagger, is by no means a hero, being naturally exceedingly timid. His highest ambition is to possess what to him is all that life is worth living for—a good herd of oxen.

Relieving Turkish Distress.

The Refugee Dispensary, which has been established in the Latin Hospital at Paucaldi, near Constantinople,

is the subject of one of our foreign pictures. At this and other places, thanks to the funds supplied by several international societies of relief, the Sisters of Charity are daily helping immense crowds of refugees with medicines and provisions. There is sufficient testimony to the zeal and devotion of the Sisters of Charity of the hospital, and the effective measures which have been adopted there to relieve the numerous refugees who crowd the city and its suburbs. Typhoid fever and smallpox are raging among these poor people; and nearly all places of refuge, especially the great mosques, are at present literal hotbeds of infection.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—By an inadvertence, the title of a picture published in our issue of May 14th was printed Sacramento instead of Stockton. The scene represented was taken from the corner of Main and California Streets, in the City of Stockton, looking westward.

—THE sketches of scenes in and about Savannah, which were recently published in the "Scenes from Sunlands" series in this paper, were from photographs taken by J. O. Wilson, of Savannah, and O. P. Havens, of the same city.

—CIRCASSIAN soldiers sell girls stolen in Bulgaria.

—NEWFOUNDLAND sends twenty-six steamers seal-fishing this year.

—THE latest official census gives Italy a population of 26,801,154 souls.

—THE State of Texas holds over forty-nine million acres of land free of liability.

—THERE are no fewer than 14,000 washerwomen at work on the banks of the Manzanares, in Spain.

—THERE are in Vienna four suburbs containing 200,000 people, for whom there is church accommodation for 2,000.

—THE New York Down-town Club House, with a membership of leading merchants and brokers, has been opened.

—SAN FRANCISCO is thinking of organizing a free public library which shall absorb all the other libraries in the city.

—THE play of "Our Boys" is still running in London, where it has been played continuously at one theatre for nearly four years.

—Two native Chinamen have been licensed in San Francisco as Methodist local preachers. Their sermons are in quite respectable "pigeon English."

—THE Catholics have bought 7,000 acres of land in Mecklenburg County, Va., on which they are going to establish an industrial farm for educating freedmen.

—OF the 356 American colleges, sixteen have libraries of over 25,000 volumes. The largest college library in the country is Harvard's, containing 160,000 volumes.

—THE Housewives' Union in Berlin fed 4,000 families from its co-operative stores last year, and made a profit of \$2,300. This Union also owns and publishes a newspaper.

—THE monster captive balloon, which will form part of the attractions at the Paris Exhibition, will be established in the old court-house of the Palace of the Tuilleries.

—AN enormous emigration is anticipated from Pomerania, Prussia, this Spring, especially to Australia. The crushing poverty of that country compels people to emigrate.

—THE Historical Society of Berlin is to issue annual reports concerning the literature of history, which are to emphasize and expound all the really new facts discovered.

—THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a note given for a church subscription does not carry with it an obligation to pay, since it is given without consideration.

—THE Young Women's Christian Association of New York is eight years old, owns its house, maintains a library, entertainment hall, and some work and instruction-rooms, and owes nobody a dollar.

—THE habits and varieties of the herring have at length been determined by the Schleswig-Holstein Commission, and the artificial cultivation of the fish has been commenced in that province.

—AN Austrian military paper lately gave the result of a careful analysis of a sample of bread supplied to the Russian troops in Bulgaria. It revealed nineteen per cent. of sawdust and fourteen per cent. of sand.

—ONE single house at Neuchâtel forwards annually to Paris 6,000,000 cheeses, the value of which is estimated at \$1,200,000 francs. The manufacture of these cheeses requires the milk of 5,000 or 6,000 cows.

—A NEW Baptist chapel has been opened in Rome. It is near the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. It cost about \$20,000, and is under the care of the General Baptist Missionary Society. Services are held in English and Italian.

—ATTEMPTS are about to be made, under the auspices of the British Government to open up more ports along the seaboard of India, in the hope of obtaining improved facilities for the distribution of food in case of future famines.

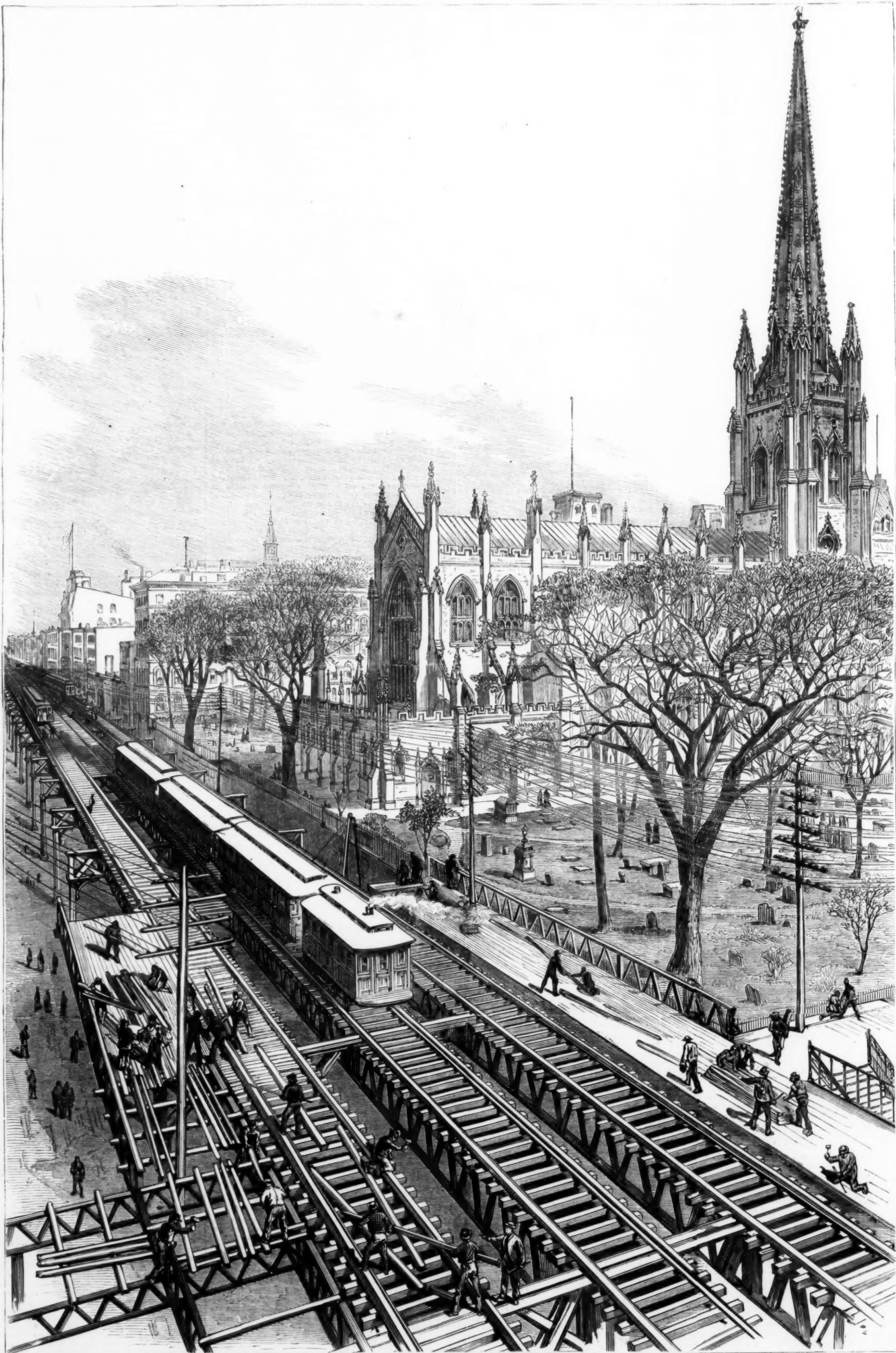
—THE new State Prison of Nebraska has its cells made of one single solid stone. The stone is artificial and each cell is cast in a mold. When the stone is hardened it is more difficult to cut or drill through than any natural rock.

—AN examination of the dies, rolls and plates used in printing greenbacks, bonds, national bank notes and revenue stamps made since 1866 compares for every die, roll and plate, and proves unfounded the charge that some plates had fallen into the hands of counterfeiters.

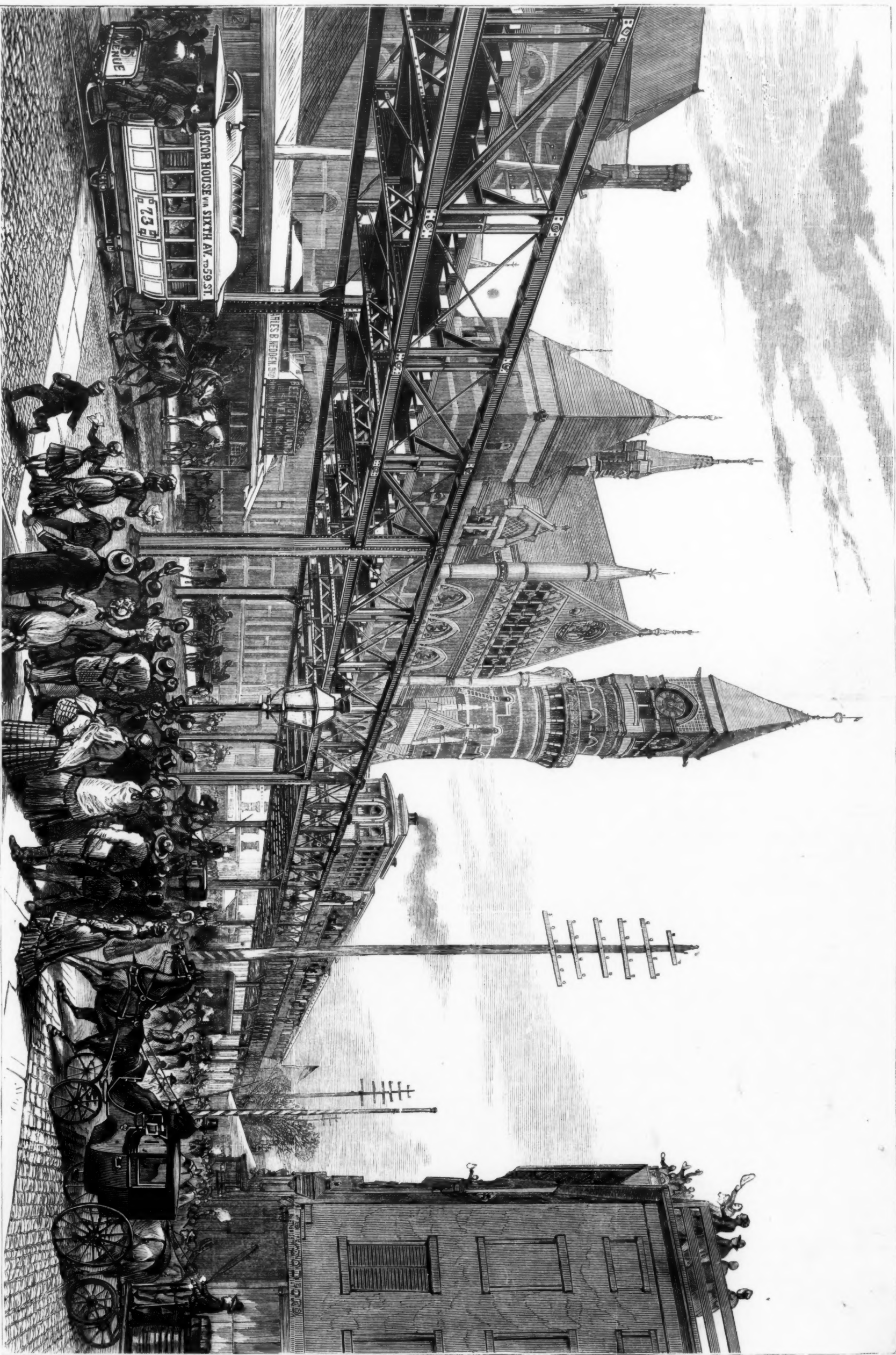
—AN exhausted silver mine is said to be a thing unknown. The Mexican mines, worked by the ancient Aztecs, are as profitable as ever. The old Spanish mines, opened before Hannibal's time, are still in operation. So with the old mines in South America, Hungary, Norway, Sweden and Russia.

—THE City of London has 50 Richmond Streets, 60 Norfolk, 70 Devonshire, 76 Brunswick, 56 Cambridge, 87 Gloucester, 50 East and West, 90 North and South, 166 New, 129 Union, 95 King, 99 Queen, 78 Prince, 100 George, 119 John, and dozens and scores which have nothing to distinguish them except the district in which they happen to be.

—THE Association for the Improvement of the Poor in Pittsburgh is composed largely of ladies, and these have added an industrial school to the work of the Association. Besides that, they have formed themselves into divisions to visit the homes of the poorest and most wretched classes, and to give instruction to women in sewing, cooking and keeping homes clean and cheerful.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF RAPID TRANSIT.—THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD ON NEW CHURCH STREET, IN THE REAR OF TRINITY CHURCHYARD.—SEE PAGE 203.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF RAPID TRANSIT.—THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD PASSING THROUGH SIXTH AVENUE, NEAR THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT, APRIL 29TH.—See Page 203.

THE FIRST MEETING.

Oh, first sweet, golden hour, when, half in shame,
Love lit the smoldering passion of our eyes;
When, with unspoken questions and replies,
Our souls communed in words that have no name;
When the mute touch of hands was like a flame
That burned our hearts made in a flash love-wise;
When the low voice breathed music in its sighs,
And the old dream of life seemed not the same!

Oh, sweet, sweet hour, art thou for ever dead,
Lost in the buried memories of dark years,
Like some wild ghostly secret of the sea?
Nay, in lone, lingering nights of dream, I wed
My soul to thine, and stain with turtive tears
Some faded flowers, that breathe in death of thee.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER VI.—SO LIKE A MAN.

STORM and calm, rain and sunshine, bitter and sweet, action and reaction—are not these the conditions of life? If the wind is fair to-day, look for it in your teeth to-morrow; what is earned by the right hand, you are bound to spend with the left; and never expect to be four-by-honors in two deals running!

Who so happy as an accepted lover? He treads on air, he mounts to the skies, and he soars on the wings of a dove, believing firmly that he has abjured the wisdom of the serpent for evermore. Yet, after the first access of transport, every succeeding moment brings him down nearer and nearer the ground, till at last he walks about again on two legs, like a husband, or a goose, or any other biped, having neither energy nor inclination to fly.

I need not say that John Roy bade adieu to Beachmouth, betook himself to Charing Cross Station, and proceeded thence to the Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand, without loss of time! The distance was short. He could almost have wished it longer, that he might gain more time to realize the step he had taken.

Like most English gentlemen, he was a bold fellow enough on a horse, in a row, under any circumstances of risk to life or limb, but he was also sensitive and shy, particularly with inferiors, shrinking from their approaches as a timid woman sinks from observation and personal address.

It was not reassuring to find the hotel door blocked up by an arrival, or to be told without hesitation by a supercilious waiter in yesterday's white neckcloth that they were full to the garrets, and hadn't a bed unoccupied, while he volunteered with something of reproof the further information that this was a private hotel, and if the gentleman expected to find accommodation, he should have written to Mrs. Phipps at least a week ago.

"But I don't want a room," said John Roy, out of patience; "I came here to call on Miss—I mean, is Mrs. Phipps at home?"

"Mrs. Phipps is engaged."

"Go and tell her that a gentleman wishes to see her particularly, and will not detain her five minutes."

John Roy was peremptory, not to say stern; but the waiter stood by his guns.

"Any name, sir?" As if a man without a portmanteau must also be without a name.

The visitor wished he had brought a card-case.

"Mr. Roy," said he; "and be so good as to go at once. I don't choose to be kept waiting half an hour on the door-step."

But Nelly, who was already in the passage, flew to the threshold, and welcomed him with such warmth and cordiality as completely reassured the waiter.

"I knew you would come!" she whispered. "I have been expecting you all the morning. This way. Mind the step. Don't run against the coal-box. We're so full, we have been driven down-stairs. We generally live in the front dining-room. Now, I'll bring you in, and show you to auntie."

The charm was working again, and at high pressure. So lovely, so loving, so bright, so beautiful; above all, so glad to see him. Who would not have followed such a guide down the darkest passages, the most inconvenient stairs that ever smelt of mold, soap, sawdust, stale coffee and early dinner?

Mrs. Phipps was an excellent woman, no doubt—clear-headed, bustling, full of energy, a capital accountant, sincere, sensible, with a heart of gold—but she was not exactly the sort of person John Roy would have selected for his wife's aunt.

He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and as she came forward, rubbing one hand over the other, to stop in front of him with a profound courtesy, he took in her exterior at a glance. The dark dress, looking dingier in the obscurity of a room on the basement, lighted from a grating in the pavement outside; the portliness of figure, increasing as it traveled upwards to the chin; the large brooch, the bright gold chain, the jet ornaments twinkling in a solemn head-gear, black, pompous and funereal as the artificial tresses it surmounted, and the plain, oblong face, with just so much resemblance to Nelly as might create a vague and morbid fear lest her bright young beauty should ever turn to this.

He made the best of it, and put out both hands. "You are to be my aunt, too," said he. "Miss Burton has told you everything, of course. I am always going to call her Nelly for the future, and you must learn to look upon me as a relation of your own."

He was not prepared for the result. Mrs. Phipps burst out crying, and put her arms round his neck. After this little ebullition she became practical enough.

"I'm sure it's a great honor," she said, "and a great happiness to us all. It's what I never expected, and yet Nelly do deserve the best that ever wore shoe-leather, and I always said so. She was a good daughter, Mr. Roy, was Nelly, and a good niece. I'm sure I've reason to know it; and she'll make a good wife to the man who will be kind to her. I can see in your face as you're one of that sort. I'm a plain-spoken

woman, Mr. Roy; I never had the manners of my niece, there, nor yet the education. I've my bread to get, as I may say, by hard and honest work; but you won't think the worse of us, I hope; and you won't take it as a liberty if I say, God bless you both! And I should like to shake you by the hand, Mr. Roy, once more."

So this ceremony was repeated, and Roy acknowledged to himself that the good old woman who had educated his betrothed wife was a thorough lady at heart, although she spoke second-class English and kept an hotel.

"You'll take a glass of wine, Mr. Roy," continued his hostess, relapsing into her commonplace mood. "I wish I could ask you to stop to dinner, but Nelly and me has had our dinner, and you couldn't scarcely see to eat it neither in so dark a place as this. I wish I wasn't so put about for room. But what am I to do? You can't turn people away from the doors, if you keep an hotel."

"Mr. Roy never takes wine in the daytime, auntie," said Nelly, assuming entire charge of his habits, as became a woman engaged for more than twenty-four hours. "We can give him a cup of tea in five minutes, and I'll make it myself; I know what he wants better than you do."

But Mr. Roy preferred a walk with Nelly to refreshment of any kind, and the pair were soon strolling arm-in-arm along that romantic thoroughfare, the Strand, discussing *trousseaux*, wedding, honeymoon, their eventful future. What do I know? What do people talk about when they are going to be married and lead a new life?

So the weeks went on. John Roy found himself waking morning after morning with a strange, anxious feeling that he was yet a day nearer his fate, sometimes impatient to get it over, sometimes thinking he could wait as long as he pleased, but never wavering in his loyalty to Nelly, nor allowing for one second that he regretted his choice.

It was the dead time of year. "Not a soul in London," said the souls who met the other souls in the street. Yet is the great city seldom so empty, even of rich and idle, but that ten or twelve can be got together for a dinner-party at short notice. There are people who profess they like these little gatherings better than the crowd and hurry of the season, declaring that they never enjoy the society of their friends so thoroughly as when "there is nobody in town."

In St. James's Street and Pall Mall might be found a few lingerers, dull and torpid as the Winter flies on a window-pane; but the Park seemed unusually deserted. Perhaps for that reason it was the chosen resort of Mr. Roy and Miss Burton, who would turn in at Albert Gate, having arrived there, as came a regularly engaged couple, in a hansom cab, to walk in the ride, or sit down and make plans for the future, while she looked in his face with adoring eyes, and he—well—he smoked, and let her look.

"I like this," whispered Nelly, pressing closer to his side as they returned one day from an hour or two of the above engrossing occupation. "You and me have got it all to ourselves."

"It meant that stretch of rugged bricks and rubbish, with a surface of mud just thick enough to splash, which the Government then in office had provided for its taxpayers on horseback, and seemed in so far a solitude when Nelly spoke that its only other occupants were a fat man on a cob, and a doubtful-looking lady riding a lame horse."

"It's very nice," answered John Roy, rather preoccupied, for just then a figure turned into the ride on a hunting-looking chestnut, at a pace that promised soon to bring him alongside our pedestrians. The easy seat and general outline were not to be mistaken. Roy wished at the moment he had some other lady on his arm.

The chestnut, though going fast, must have been well in hand, it was pulled up so quickly at the rails, while a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Hullo, Roy! In town at this time of year! Come and dine to-day. I'm off to-morrow morning for Newmarket." Then, as if catching sight of Nelly for the first time, the speaker bowed to his stirrup-iron, and added: "I beg your pardon. I was so glad to see my friend!"

It stung Roy to feel that there should be an absolute necessity for introducing her on the spot as "Miss Burton—A lady who is going to do me the honor of becoming my wife." It stung him still more to notice an instantaneous change of manner, that only a sensitive nature would have detected, while, with a second bow, not quite so low, yet somehow more respectful, the other observed: "Then it's no use hoping for you at dinner. Allow me to congratulate you both," and cantered off.

"What a pretty fellow!" said Nelly, in a tone of undisguised admiration.

"Most women agree with you," answered Roy, wondering he was not more nettled. "They used to call him the lady-killer in his regiment."

Her gray eyes opened wide.

"Did he really kill a lady? How horrible! He ought never to be saddled again!"

John Roy laughed. "You mean the horse, dear," said he. "I thought it was the man."

"Oh! I never looked at the gentleman," answered Nelly. "Who is he? What's his name?"

"Lord Fitzowen—commonly called Fitz!"

"A lord, is he? Well, he don't look half so like a lord as you! What is he going to Newmarket for?"

John Roy did not answer. He was thinking it would be rather up-hill work to teach his wife all the ins and outs, the little technicalities, the very language of that artificial world into which he was bringing her. They would live in the country, he determined, and come but little to London for the present. A man might be very happy in the country with some hunting, shooting, farming, and such a beautiful creature to keep his house. One couldn't have everything. It was a great piece of good fortune that he didn't marry Lady Jane!

And Nelly, clinging to his arm, wondering how she could ever have lived without him. His presence was paradise, his absence a blank. All places were alike if she only had him by her side.

So they were married in due course of time—exactly one month from the day that he proposed

to her on Beachmouth Pier. The wedding was quiet enough. No bishop, no bridesmaids, and a cake of small dimensions from the confectioner's round the corner. The happy couple walked quietly out of the hotel to a neighboring church. Nelly was given away by her nearest male relation, a retired drysalter residing at Clapham, who felt and looked in a false position throughout. Mrs. Phipps wept plentifully in the rector's pew—absent with his family in Switzerland—and the ceremony was performed by an ecclesiastic, somewhat irreverently mentioned as "a clergyman on a job." One very old shoe was thrown by the upper housemaid when the happy couple left the hotel in a cab, and the waiter remained drunk all day. These were the only festivities. The servants agreed that, though Miss Burton had done well for herself, the bridegroom looked old enough to be her father, and the wedding was a tame affair!

Nevertheless, it was over, and they were married as irrevocably and completely as if a primate had officiated, and the whole House of Lords had signed the register.

Nelly was supremely happy; so, in a calmer degree, was her husband. Both had obtained that to which most people look forward as the crowning joy of life, yet it seemed like a dream to read in next day's *Times* the simple and unpretending notice: "Yesterday, at St. Withold's by the Rev. Joseph Makeshift—John Roy, Esq., of Royston Grange and 907 Piccadilly, to Elinor, sole surviving daughter of Jacob Burton, Esq., late of High Holborn, London."

"John Roy," said one or two friends, gleaning the morning papers with cigars in their mouths, "I have often wondered what had become of him. Used to be rather a good fellow. Only surviving child, too; looks as if he had picked up an heiress. Great absurdity marrying after forty, and infernal mistake to get caught before!"

But Nelly's history only began in reality on the day when she felt she was the happiest woman in the world because she stood at the altar as Roy's wife.

CHAPTER VII.—WARDEN TOWERS.

"AND you know her, Lord Fitzowen? What an odd person you are! I believe you know everybody in the world."

"I thought you said she was out of the world, Miss Bruce. Therefore you were surprised I should have made her acquaintance."

"That's not the question. Where can you have met her?"

"Nothing more simple; walking in the Park with her husband."

"Before they were married?"

"Of course. People don't walk together in the Park after they're married, unless they've had a row."

"And he introduced you?"

"Why shouldn't he? Won't you introduce me to your husband, Miss Bruce, when the time comes—and the man?"

She smiled, rather wistfully. "Perhaps you know him already," said she. "And if you don't, I am not sure you are a desirable acquaintance. You might lead him into mischief."

"Somebody has been maligning me, and to you, of all people, in whose good opinion I want so much to stand high. An enemy has done this."

"Not Mrs. Roy, at any rate. She couldn't remember having seen you. I said you were here, and asked her. There, Lord Fitz! There's a come-down!"

"Not a bit. Say a see-saw, if you please; for it's a go-up at the other end. If she had forgotten me, you hadn't!"

"How can I forget you when you're staying in the house? Besides, don't flatter yourself that I ever try!"

"Then I'll wait for a more favorable opportunity, and we'll talk about something else. What did you think of your new neighbor?"

"What did you?"

"I thought her—charming!"

"How like a man. As if that conveyed anything. Now, I will do you justice, Lord Fitz, I believe you pretend to be stupider than you are, so I wonder you didn't find out something."

"What was there to find out? I could see with my own eyes she hadn't a wooden leg."

"Indeed. Well, you'll say I am ill-natured, and that one woman always tries to disparage another; did it not strike you she is scarcely quite a lady? I don't mean to say she drops her h's, but something very like it. She has never lived amongst the people you and I are accustomed to meet, and I think Mr. Roy feels it. He looked very black at her more than once."

"What a shame. They haven't been married six weeks. If I had a wife, now—never mind—I'm not going to commit myself, Miss Bruce. I might say too much."

"If you had a wife, of course you would be just as trying as other husbands, but that's no business of mine. I was going to tell you, when we called, papa and I, as we were bound to do at once, being such near neighbors, we found them at home, and I know she was got up to receive visitors. In fact, she told me so. She called it 'seeing company.' She was well dressed, I must say, not too much, and as handsome as a picture. You seldom see such eyes and hair. But, for all that, there's a something. I'm convinced she is not what I call thoroughbred, and yet papa wouldn't allow it. He was completely fascinated, and you know how particular he is."

"Naturally. If I were your papa I should be very particular indeed."

"Nonsense; don't interrupt. I watched Mr. Roy, and I'm sure he wasn't at his ease. He looked in a fidget every time she opened her mouth. I was sorry for him, and we didn't stay long, though she pressed me to take luncheon, and to take tea, and hoped I wouldn't take cold in the open carriage, and all the rest of it, as kindly as possible."

"And have you taken cold—I beg your pardon—caught cold? For, if so, you had better not stand here any longer. I shouldn't like your death to lie at my door."

"You haven't got a door, only a latch-key. But for once you talk sense. So draw my skates a little tighter, and we'll practice the Dutchman's

roll round the island and back again. Are you ready? Go!"

During the performance of this exhibition, which is but a succession of outside edges, neither very speedy nor very graceful, I may take the opportunity of explaining how these young people came to be disporting themselves on some five acres of ice, which milder weather would dissolve into a pretty little lake, forming a principal ornament in the grounds of Warden Towers.

Sir Hector and Miss Bruce, a widower and an only daughter, had come to reside here, as their neighbors hoped, for a permanence, having taken a long lease of the place, which, notwithstanding its somewhat feudal name, had been hitherto the home of a retired tradesman, whose asthma compelled him to fight for breath in a warmer climate elsewhere. The house, though built with a turret at each end, was handsome and comfortable, the park roomy enough for a gallop, but not so extensive as to admit of feeding deer, and the gardens were exceedingly well laid out. As Sir Hector observed, "it was a nice gentlemanlike place in which to drive away the rest of one's life. If Hester liked it, he would never ask to sleep out of the chintz-room in the east tower again."

Hester liked whatever suited papa—that is to say, she turned him round her white fingers as an only daughter does turn the father who has learned to believe her a prodigy of infancy, a paragon of girlhood, and in all respects a pearl among woman-kind. Sir Hector, though his Christian and surnames sounded so warlike, was a mild old gentleman of rather convivial habits and an easy temper, even when tortured with gout. He accepted its pains and penalties with a good humor that roused the admiration of his friends; and the moment he resumed the use of his hands, or could put his lame feet to the ground, returned to those indulgences that sustained and strengthened his enemy with a zest only sharper for remembrance of past discipline and prospect of future pain.

To be sure, as he used to declare, "it was a pleasure to be ill when one could have Hester for a nurse;" and it is but justice to say that no temptation could lure this young lady from her post if papa was either threatened or laid up. Many a time she stripped off riding-habit or ball-dress and sent the carriage back from the very door at the first of those symptoms that her experience told her were forerunners of an attack. Many an hour did she pass in darkened rooms, measuring draughts, smoothing pillows, reading to him, talking to him, soothing the sufferer with her presence and the touch of her hand, when other girls were sunning themselves in the looks of their admirers, at archery meeting and picnic, or more delightful still, enjoying a stirring gallop under soft November skies, over lush November pastures, after the hounds.

For in such amusements and pastimes did Miss Bruce take more than a masculine delight. Lithe, straight and agile, she was a proficient in all those bodily exercises at which ladies are now able to compete on equal terms with the stronger sex. A practiced whip, she drove her ponies to an inch; a capital horsewoman, she rode to hounds; with a good pilot, in the first flight. She danced like a fairy; could run a quarter of a mile or walk a half-dozen without the slightest inconvenience, and even professed—though of this she afforded no actual proof—that she was able to jump a gate or a stile. At any rate, for all her softness of manner and grace of bearing, she seemed tough as whale-bone and nimble as a wild deer.

In these days of high-pressure education, she could not but be full of accomplishments; playing scientific music at sight, singing a second, speaking three or four languages idiomatically, ungrammatically, and with a fair accent. She knew how to work embroidery, knit shooting-hose, and send people into dinner according to their rank without fear of a mistake. On the other hand, she was but a moderate historian, sacred or profane, believed our version of the Bible to be a direct translation from the Hebrew, remembered the war of the Roses only because of their pretty name, and suffered hopeless confusion about the Ligue and the Fronde. She could not read Shakespeare, she honestly confessed, nor understand Tennyson; had tried to wade through "Corinne" and found it stupid; believed she would have liked Sir Walter but for the Scotch dialect, and thought in her heart "Vanity Fair" and the "Loves of the Angels" the two finest works in the language. Of household affairs she had some vague glimmerings, the result of experience in ordering dinner, and even believed, because she never tried, that she could do her own marketing. Every Christmas she spent a check from papa in soup and blankets, which she gave away with a great deal of method and very little judgment. To sum up all, she was a staunch Protestant, a regular church-goer, and skated to admiration.

Her cavalier, also, performed handsomely over ice or asphalt, on skates or rollers. Both were members of Prince's Club; nor does it necessarily follow, as nameless slanderers would have us believe, that they were therefore utterly lost to all considerations of honorable feeling and even outward decency. It is difficult to understand why a pastime that brings young people together in a glare of light, under the eyes of countless spectators, should have been held up to obloquy as a recognized means of the vilest intrigue; or why a healthy exercise, exacting close attention under considerable effort, should be supposed to cloak overtures and advances that might be made far less conspicuously in the crash of a concert or the confusion of a ball-room.

It seems to me that the black sheep of both sexes must be at a disadvantage when the slightest inclination to either side from a just and equal balance cannot but result in physical downfall. The admirer deposited on his seat rather than his knees, may scarcely hope to excite sympathy in his idol, and the idol herself must be well aware that she can never mount her pedestal again if she comes down from it with a sprawl! That Miss Bruce was as wicked a young lady as she was a good skater, I emphatically deny. For her companion's virtues I will not take upon me to answer with the same certainty.

Lord Fitzowen, as Mr. Roy said, "commonly called Fitz," had been about the world for more

years than people thought, or, indeed, than he wished them to think.

He was one of those men, happily not very numerous in his order, who after the first blush of youth, seem to have no object in the world but to amuse themselves. For this levity of disposition and indifference to the real purposes of life he was, perhaps, indebted to the joyous temperament that accompanies perfect bodily health. A famous writer of our own day has expressed the startling opinion that, if people never found their lives out of order, no great works would be accomplished. This is, perhaps, another way of saying that discontent is the origin of progress.

As Fitz, from the time he pounded strawberry messes at Eton till he mixed hussar-broth—a compound of which the substratum used to be red-herrings fried in gin—for his brother subalterns at Hounslow, never knew he had a liver, and hated, besides, every kind of mental exertion, we may presume that nature did not intend him for one of those "weary brothers," who either imprint or appreciate "footprints on the sands of time." What he did—rather what he did not do, if we may be allowed such a contradiction in terms—seemed done remarkably well. He was the best idler in society, and this is saying a good deal in London life, where the art is cultivated with a diligence that cannot but insure success.

Having a title, though an Irish one, a sufficient income, an agreeable person, imperturbable good-humor and spirits, as he said to himself, "forty above proof," it is no wonder that Lord Fitzowen was welcome everywhere, and an especial favorite amongst women.

Nevertheless, with an intuitive perception of the fitness of things, denied to the duller sex, they never expected him to marry.

"He's delightful, I know, dear," Miss Bruce observed on one occasion in the confidence of five o'clock tea; "but as for anything serious, I should as soon expect a proposal from the beadle at St. George's. It's entirely out of Fitz's line!"

So he made love to them all round without burning his fingers, and persuaded himself that, with many faults, he was yet a man of strong feelings and sincere affections.

Somehow Fitz always seemed to belong to the prettiest woman present. Although there were other guests at Warden Towers, it was characteristic that he alone should be gazing at a Winter sunset with his host's handsome daughter, after completing the Dutchman's roll to the unbounded satisfaction of both.

"It is time to go in," said Hester, rosy and breathless, looking intently at the red streaks fading into a frosty film behind the island. "How I love this cold, clear weather! I wish it would last all the year through."

"You ought to have been an Arctic explorer," laughed Fitz.

Miss Bruce made no answer, but her eye deepened and the smile faded from her face.

(To be continued.)

THE DREAM OF RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK REALIZED.

COMPLETION OF THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD.

THE first train was run over the entire length of the Gilbert Elevated Railroad on Monday, April 29th. It consisted of a locomotive and four passenger coaches, and made the run from Trinity Church to Fifty-eighth Street in seventeen minutes.

No 1, the present title of the new motor, is the first of twenty locomotives built after special plans by the Grant Locomotive Works for the Gilbert road, and its machinery combines all the latest improvements. The motor-car is twenty-two feet in length and eight in width, with large plate-glass windows at the sides and ends, giving ample light and ventilation. The color on the exterior is a dark olive-green, in two shades, and the interior is finished with different-colored woods. The engine and boiler are placed in the centre of the car, giving ample space for the movements of the engineer and fireman. The engine, cab and all, weighs 30,000 pounds, or about double the weight of the heaviest engines on the New York Elevated Railroad. The cars will be heated by the exhaust steam. The escape of sparks from the smoke-stack is prevented by a patent device. Each of the cars is thirty-seven feet ten inches in length, and eight feet nine inches in width. The outside is painted a light green, with panels a shade darker. The edges are ornamented with maroon color. The stripes and decorations are in dark-green and gold. The doors are placed at the ends, but it is intended to have some cars with compartments like those in English and continental railway coaches. Within the cars forty-eight passengers can be seated. In the centre, on each side of the aisle, are two seats arranged like those in the ordinary Pullman car. From this centre, side seats like those in the horse cars extend to the door. These seats will each accommodate eight persons. Crowding is prevented by little arms which rise from the cushions at intervals of nineteen inches. The upholstery is in maroon-colored morocco. The carpets are Axminster rugs. The ceilings have oak panels, decorated with flowers and arabesques. Vacuum brakes are used. Fourteen passenger stations are being erected on this line, at convenient distances. Five of them will have a larger frontage than the rest, covering one hundred and thirty-eight feet at Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Forty-second and Fifty-eighth Streets. Each station is a double structure, one on either side of the road, corresponding to the up and down lines. The interior of both the ladies' and gentlemen's waiting-rooms are to be very tastefully furnished and finished throughout, in what is known as the Eastlake style of decoration. An ornamental ventilator springs from the ceiling in each room. The exterior of each station is to be ornamented with iron pillars and decorated panels of the same metal. The stations can be approached on either side of the line by covered stairs of easy ascent, the sides being protected and ornamented with appropriately designed panel-work.

The work on this road was begun in March, 1876, on South Fifth Avenue, and, owing to obstructive lawsuits, but little progress was made until November last, when the Court of Appeals dissolved all the injunctions granted against Dr. Gilbert, and affirmed the constitutionality of the charter. The entire work of the road was divided into three parts, an agreement made with a contractor for

each, and favored by the unusually mild Winter, an immense force of workmen was kept busy night and day on the great enterprise, with results already appreciated by our citizens.

The work on the east-side road has not been so rapid, only a few men having been at work during the Winter. It is expected that trains will be running regularly on the Gilbert road about the 20th of May, as no reasons exist at present for any further delay, the reported sinking of a portion of the road up-town being emphatically denied by the engineers, constructors and authorities.

Any of our readers who wish to inform themselves on the various rapid transit schemes that have been brought to the attention of the public may be interested in comparing the Gilbert Elevated Railroad of to-day with the original plan of Dr. Gilbert, first published on the front page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, in the issue bearing the date of March 18th, 1871.

COL. WILLIAM C. GOODLOE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM.

WILLIAM CASSIUS GOODLOE, the new United States Minister to Belgium, is the second son of General David S. Goodloe, a prominent citizen of Lexington, Ky., and a nephew of the late Judge William C. Goodloe, one of the ablest of Kentucky jurists. All of the Goodloes were from the first conspicuous as Union men in the State. Minister Goodloe was educated at Lexington, and at Bacon College, in Harrodsburg. He entered the Union army at the outbreak of the rebellion, but left it, after a brief service, to accept the position of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg when General Cassius M. Clay was appointed Minister.

After more than a year passed in discharging the diplomatic duties of that position, he resigned, returned to Kentucky, and re-entered the Federal army, where he acquitted himself with credit and gallantry. In 1871 he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature, the first Republican ever chosen from Fayette County. His seat was contested, but justice was so plainly on his side that the Democrats conceded him the right to the seat, which he occupied for two years, gaining a reputation for ability and as a speaker and debater such as is enjoyed by very few men in Kentucky. In 1873 he again made a hotly contested race for the State Senate, and although the Democrats strained every nerve to defeat so fearless and outspoken an able opponent, flooding his district with their best speakers and with money, he was again successful. His seat was a second time contested, but he held it for four years. In 1865 he made an unsuccessful race for Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, and though defeat was certain from the start, he everywhere won golden opinions by his efforts on the stump. Colonel Goodloe has often spoken in the Northern States during heated political campaigns, and always with marked effect. No man in the State deserves more from the Republican Party as a partisan than he. Negro testimony in the courts found in him one of its earliest champions. He declared himself for negro suffrage when but few Republicans in Kentucky would make the avowal. He has shrunk from no duty which the party has ever imposed upon him. And yet, such is the cordial recognition accorded to his high character and lofty bearing, that he will have no more hearty support than that which will be rendered him by the Kentucky delegation in both branches of Congress.

Colonel Goodloe married a daughter of the late General Mahan, a New England manufacturer, of large wealth, and who at one time represented in Congress one of the New England districts with marked ability. Mrs. Goodloe is a lady who will grace the position of wife to the Minister Resident at the Belgian Court, and who will heartily enjoy the honor conferred on a husband of whose manly beauty and shining talents she is so justly proud.

DEMOLITION OF TWO OLD LANDMARKS IN NEW YORK.

TWO famous old buildings in New York City have been doomed to demolition, to make room for new structures more in keeping with the business demands of the city; and both will probably have been razed ere these reminiscences are read.

At the southwest corner of Thirteenth Street and Sixth Avenue stood the Woodbine Cottage. It was a substantial brick structure, built in the old-fashioned Knickerbocker style, with high, sharp gables making it noticeable in contrast with the square buildings used for business purposes in the immediate neighborhood. The "Woodbine" has been used as a public house for over fifty years, and has a history full of interest to old New Yorkers.

It is just about fifty years since the place was opened to the public. At that time the end of the busy City of New York was at Ninth Street, and Thirteenth Street was not cut through. The stages only ran to the corner of Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue; now the great iron structure of the elevated railroad rears its graceful front before the Woodbine, and the jingle of car-bells is heard every few seconds, while thousands of busy people are passing up and down Sixth Avenue. In former days young men and old used to walk out from the noise and bustle of the town to the Woodbine to get the country air about Thirteenth Street. Chairs and tables were brought out on the grass, and the place almost resembled one of those pleasant retreats, like the "Star and Garter," so common near London on the Thames.

The Woodbine was first started by a Scotchman named Marlow. After his death his widow conducted the business until 1842, when Mr. Hayward purchased the interest of it and continued as proprietor until 1848, when he gave it up to his brother, but again took charge of the property on the retirement of the latter after about eight years of possession. Mr. Hayward sold out to Mr. Howell in 1859, from whom Mr. James E. Nolan, the last proprietor, purchased a few years ago. It is safe to say that the Woodbine, from 1840 to the present time, has been the social resort of more distinguished New Yorkers than almost any place in the city.

Nothing was more noticeable in the modern Woodbine than the retention of the pictures which were in the ancient barroom and adjoining smoking-room, which is a picture-gallery as well. These works embraced a portrait by Vandyck and an original portrait of General Washington by Stuart. In the picture-gallery was to be found Herring's "Barnyard Scene," which is said to have cost \$2,700. There were a "Crucifixion of Christ," a painting of some merit, and "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," which is rather a crude work. Two paintings after Hogarth, a clever sketch of "The Fortune Teller," and many other works of more or less interest, embellished the walls.

The second building is the small two-story edifice at No. 298 Bowery, standing well back from the street, almost hidden by the large buildings that surrounded it.

The property belongs to the Humphrey estate, and has long been unimproved on account of the minority of two of the heirs, who reached their majority last month. It was built one hundred years ago by a Mr. Notworthy, who bought a quantity of the land about it and used it for a farmhouse. It was for a long time in the possession of his heirs, until it fell into the hands of the Humphrey family by a marriage with Mr. Notworthy's daughter. For the last seventy years the building has been used for a saloon. In the early part of this century it was entirely surrounded by open fields. In 1830 it was leased to Henry Vane, who is now employed in the Tax Commissioner's office. The Gotham Baseball Club, the first in the country, held its meetings there, and the ball it won from many of the "crack" clubs were in a glass-case behind the bar. Tweed used to be a frequent visitor. A big gilded figure "6" stood behind the bar, said to have ornamented the engine with which the ex-Boss used to run. A pair of large pistols hanging upon the wall were labeled, "The pistols with which Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton fought a duel at Weehawken, July 11th, 1804."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Hereditary Malformation.—M. Lenglen, of Arras, France, recently made known a curious case of the transmission of physical traits to the third generation. A man named Gamelon, who lived at the close of the last century, had six fingers, two thumbs on each hand, and two great toes on each foot. This peculiarity was not perceptible in his son, but in the third generation all of the children conformed to the malformation of their grandfather. A similar instance has been observed in the lower animals by M. Quatrefores.

Minnesota Frogs.—There is a chance that Minnesota may finally consent to pay off her State bonds. The people have gone into frog-culture. It is a simple matter, consisting chiefly in the protection of eggs and tadpoles from boys, birds and other enemies, by means of wire-screens. The screens can be dispensed with if the male batrachian, recently described by a Spanish naturalist as performing the function of nurse, can be acclimatized in the upper waters of the Mississippi. The product thus far reported amounts to 30,000 dozen frog-legs at twenty cents per dozen.

The Survey of New York.—The Geological Survey of New York was one of the most important ever initiated in this country. It furnished the key to the solution of the age of the rocks in North America, and Professor Hall's magnificent works on Paleontology are highly prized all the world over. Recently a Topographical Survey of equal importance was authorized at small cost to the State, and a special examination of the Adirondack region was ordered. A Bill has been introduced into our Legislature to do away with all these important surveys, greatly to the regret of those who know anything about them.

New Researches in Gallium.—M. Dupré has been trying the action of oxygen on metallic gallium. He finds that only at a very high temperature is the metal affected by a current of oxygen, and even then it soon becomes covered with a pellicle of oxide which protects it from further decomposition. The sesquioxide of gallium is only partially reduced when heated in a stream of hydrogen. The sulphate of the sesquioxide of gallium, when mixed with sulphate of ammonia, yields crystals isomorphous with ammonia, alumina, and alum. These researches go to prove the close analogy existing between aluminum and gallium.

The Study of Botany in Berlin.—The educational authorities of Berlin possess an enormous garden in one of the suburbs of the city for the purpose of supplying all the schools with fresh botanical specimens. The distribution takes place regularly after April 1st, and over 4,000,000 plants are required for botanical instruction during the course of the year. This example could be profitably followed by the Botanical Society of New York, to which has been assigned one of the public parks of the city. There would be less objection to giving up portions of the parks if the schools of the city were to gain instruction in so important a branch as botany.

Home-made Pepsine.—Cut up very fine half a dozen pigs' stomachs and macerate for ten or twelve hours in a menstruum composed of one part of muriatic acid and 32 parts of water; decant and macerate a second time; pour the two products together, and add common salt until no further pepsine is formed. The pepsine will float on the top. Collect it on a muslin strainer and press out the adhering moisture. This is the pepsine so much valued in cases of great debility, and which costs so much at the druggists. A test of its strength can be made by mixing a small quantity with milk and sugar, and determining how much albumen it will dissolve.

Carnivorous Plants.—Mr. Darwin has carried out a series of successful experiments to test the question whether carnivorous plants really benefit by the insects they capture and kill. About two hundred plants of *Drosera rotundifolia* were cultivated in plates during most of last Summer. One-half of them were regularly fed with roast meat, and the other were left to care for themselves. At the end of the season it was found that the plants which had been supplied with meat weighed 21.5 per cent. more than the others, and that their flower-stems, seeds and capsules were $2\frac{1}{2}$ times heavier, and the seeds weighed 3.8 times more than the unfed ones. This seems conclusive that the plants do assimilate the insects that they capture, and that this variety of vegetables can be regularly fattened for the market.

French Plate-Glass.—The size to which plate-glass can now be cast is only limited by the capacity of the annealing furnaces to accommodate it, and the ability of the workmen to handle it. Two enormous plates have been cast at St. Gobain for the Paris Exhibition, which have been successfully annealed and polished. They are absolutely transparent, and perfect in every way. The larger of the two is a little over twenty-one feet square. This was the largest dimension that would pass under the various bridges and could be transported to Paris. If it had not been for this circumstance there is no telling to what proportions the plates would have grown. It requires forty eight workmen to handle this specimen, and great care to prevent its being broken.

Death of Heinrich Daniel Ruhmkorff.—The celebrated manufacturer of electrical apparatus, and the inventor of the induction coil which bears his name, has just died in Paris, at the age of 77 years. Ruhmkorff was born in Hanover, Germany, of poor parents, and when sixteen years of age went to Paris in search of employment. He soon obtained a position as porter and assistant in the laboratory of Professor Chevalier, a well-known physicist of that day. Here he displayed so much ingenuity in the mounting and invention of apparatus to illustrate the experiments, that he was encouraged to set up for himself a modest establishment for the manufacture and sale of physical apparatus. His inventions soon made him known to the leading professors of the Continent, and many of them became his warm

personal friends, notwithstanding the defects of his early training. The most important inventions made by Ruhmkorff was the induction coil known by his name. This was exhibited in 1855 at Paris, and received the prize of 50,000 francs from the Academy. It was greatly improved by Ritchie, of Boston, who devised a method of insulating and winding the coil that admitted of the use of vastly more wire than could be applied to the original invention. One of Ritchie's coils belonging to Columbia College was taken to Paris by Professor McCullough, and there dissected by Ruhmkorff, who immediately appreciated and adapted the improvement. Personally Ruhmkorff was modest and unassuming, and full of charity and benevolence. His dingy shop was the resort of the best intellects of Europe, and his death will be a severe loss to many investigators whom he assisted by the ingenuity of his inventions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOSHUA MONTGOMERY SEARS, the young Boston millionaire, has made the Art Museum of Boston a gift of \$10,000.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON's son has just been graduated at Cambridge, and is to enter the British diplomatic service.

THE Emperors of Germany and Austria meet at Dresden, June 18th, to celebrate the silver wedding of the King of Saxony.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has consented, it is said, that "Henrietta Temple" shall be dramatized, and the work is now going on.

SURGEON is again preaching, and is in better health than he was. He is in the twenty-fifth year of his London pastorage.

LIEUTENANT READE, of the Regular Army, has been offered \$7,000 a year for seven years to take charge of the telegraphic system of Japan.

THE French newspapers estimate the value of Queen Isabella's diamonds, which are to be sold at auction, as between \$1,600,000 and \$1,800,000.

THE Palace of Ermingham, at Constantinople, is being prepared for the Khedive, who is expected shortly. Two ironclads have left for Alexandria to escort him.

THE King of Spain has just ordered a hotel to be rented and furnished for him in Paris, where His Majesty proposes to take up his residence during the Exhibition.

REV. DR. DEKOVEN, the distinguished pulpit orator and head of the University at Racine, Wis., has been elected successor to the late Rev. Dr. Ogilby, of Trinity Church, New York.

DR. HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, shows by statistics of eleven New England colleges that there are proportionally less college educated men now than in the early part of the century.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Howard has, with all the customary formalities, taken possession of the English College at Rome, of which His Holiness has made him Protector, vice Cardinal Capalti, deceased.

GENERAL FRANK WILLIAMS, the Postmaster of Stonington, Conn., has held that position, or that of Deputy Postmaster there for fifty-two years, except for a short time while he was traveling in Europe.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT, "Jeems Pipes, of Pipeville," gave a series of his inimitable entertainments at Wellington, New Zealand, in March last, before large audiences, who expressed great delight at his versatility.

MR. JOHN JASPER, colored preacher, is the son of slave parents, is black, tall and ungainly, and a fervid orator. He shows none of the peculiarities of tone and language of his race until he becomes very absorbed in his discourse.

THE Queen of the Belgians is one of the best lady whips in the world, and as fond of horses as her sister in law, the Empress of Austria. She guides her pony four-in-hand about the streets of her capital as deftly as any expert.

ON May 7th the New York State Senators at Albany presented their colleague, Senator Wagner, with a massive silver pitcher bearing all their names, as a testimonial of regard, previous to his sailing on the 11th for Europe to join his friends, Messrs. W. H. Vanderbilt and Samuel Barger.

THE *American Art Journal*, founded by the late Henry C. Watson, and conducted since his death by William M. Thoms, has not only held its place as the only musical weekly in the English language, published in the United States, but has steadily gained in influence and public esteem, until it now enjoys the reputation of being the favorite authority in matters of music, art, literature and the drama.

PROFESSOR C. H. F. PETERS, the finder of asteroids, is a sturdy gentleman, sixty years old, with an undivided devotion to science. It is related that, having been invited to some entertainment in Clinton, he donned his evening dress and was about to go, when it occurred to him that he would just step up to the observatory and take a look at his beloved stars. It was a fine, clear night, and after a time spent in observations, he happened to think it must be the hour appointed for the party. He looked at his watch, this star-gazer—it was midnight!

P. T. BARNUM is one of the most active and ambitious of all the members of his "Greatest Show on Earth." He is always on hand on opening nights in large cities, to show his several troupes of wonderful trained stallions, and to prove the correctness of his favorite assertion, that he "cannot afford to give a cheap show." He left New York with his great company—needing over one hundred cars for transportation—will make a grand tour through the East, South and West, and will probably return and close his season by a series of performances at Gilmore's Garden some time during next November.

THE concert recently given at Chickering Hall by the gifted and youthful tenor, Mr. W. S. Rising, afforded a critical and aesthetic audience an opportunity of listening to those delicious notes which are as veritable pearls in the *via sacra* of song. Mr. Rising's voice is as yet in the bud, but when time and the superb training of the foreign schools shall have developed it, we regard his advancement to the highest rank in his profession as being simply inevitable. Mr. Rising's physique—as an athlete he has won considerable distinction—will stand him in good stead when he comes to tread the operatic stage, while the winning earnestness and thorough dramatic feeling he exhibited, despite a natural and not unbecoming nervousness, cannot fail to insure him that *rapproch* which must establish itself between artist and audience in order to achieve ultimate triumph. His rendering of an aria from "La Traviata" was received with *furor*, the clear, sweet notes ringing out like "silver bells," while his execution of a scene in "Una Notte a Venezia" gave rich and golden promise to the future. Mr. Rising is about to leave for Europe to study in the best schools, and in the near future to become a bright particular star in the musical firmament.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, AS SEEN FROM PARLIAMENT STREET.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF NASSAU.

NOT the least attractive feature of Nassau is the Royal Victoria Hotel. This imposing establishment is situated in a charming pleasure "bosomed high in tufted trees." The lawn, sacred to croquet and to those who revel in *dolce far niente*, is a sheening carpet of the greenest grass, fringed with ribbon-borders of flowers that glow in color-glory beneath the amorous rays of the glittering sunlight. In the centre of this "bit o' Eden" stands a superb specimen of the forest king, whose branches, spreading far and wide, afford a cool and refreshing retreat for coquettish nursemaids; children whose toilets are veritable poems in lace and muslin; invalids whose sole occupation would seem to lie in the reading of word-painted novels, and for the delectation of the stereotyped "whispering lovers." A balcony or gigantic nest has been constructed in one of the forks, approachable by a wooden staircase, and in the wide world there is not a more delightful coigne of vantage wherein to enjoy a favorite author, a cooling beverage, or a reverie. The western semi-detached portion of the hotel was formerly the King's College School, in connection with the King's College, London. The piazzas are much utilized by invalids, who, unable to undergo the fatigues of out-of-door exercise, move about here languidly enjoying the charming scenery and the refreshing breezes. On the summit a roomy glazed cupola, with a gallery, affords a bird's-eye view of the entire of New Providence. To lean over one of those balconies and gaze at the glories of the tropical vegetation below, at the gayly attired groups gossiping 'neath the trees, at

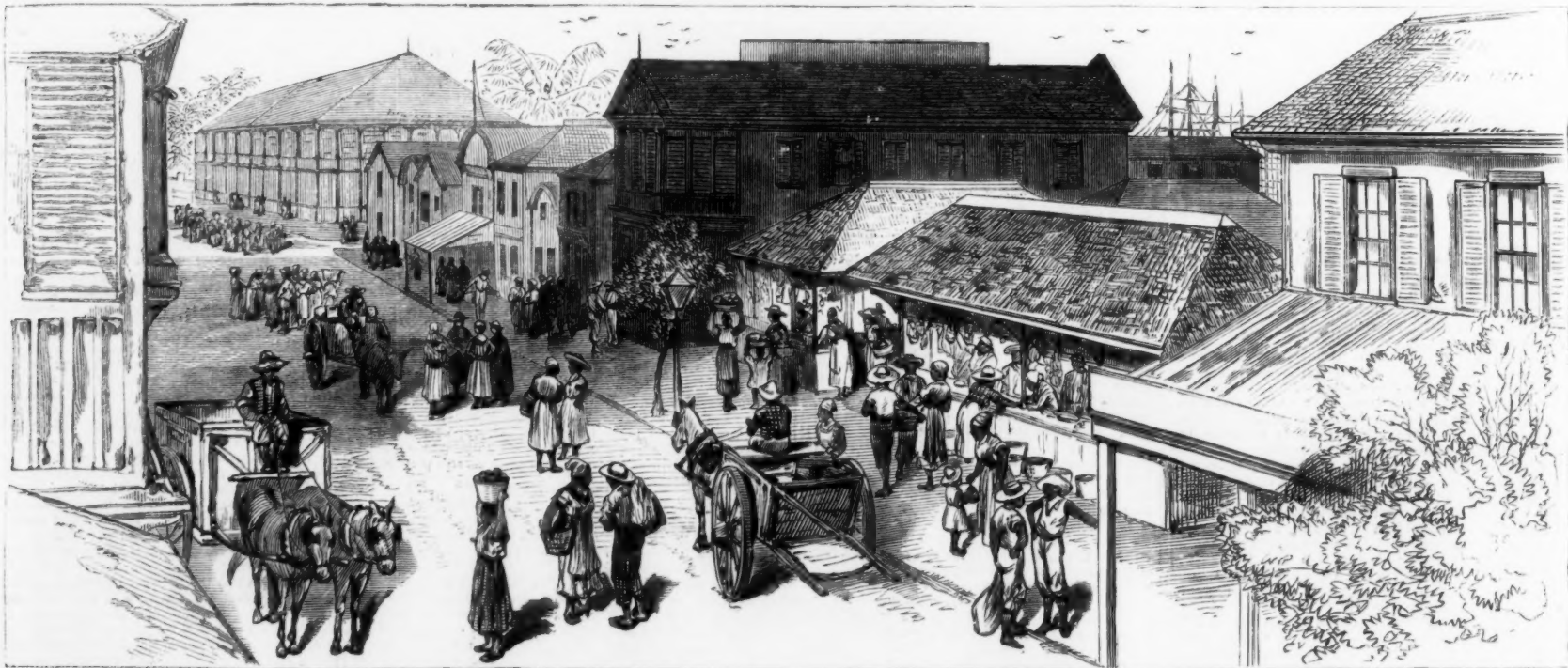


TYPES OF THE NATIVE REGIMENT.

the well-appointed equipages as they flash to and fro, at the gambols of gleesome children, or to extend the glance and take in the blue belt of the broad Atlantic, the City of Nassau and harbor and adjacent islands, the gazer will find a series of tableaux, unique, refreshing, satisfying.

A STREET IN NASSAU.

To the lovers of the picturesque, of vivid contrasts and *bizarre* effects, a street in Nassau is "a thing of beauty," and, as a consequence, "a joy for ever." The natives in their quaint costumes, the open bazaars, the delicious tone-poems in color; the houses of every hue of the rainbow, so trying to the aching eyeballs of those not to the manner born; the curiously shaped vehicles, the strangely constructed buildings, the tropical vegetation, the neat, yet clumsy, attempt at the recent and modern, as witness the solitary street-lamp in our illustration, tend to form a *coup d'oeil*, a veritable treasure-trove, to the appreciative artist. At every corner lounges a group in attitudes worthy of the *lazzaroni*, some but scantily attired, others in bright particular effulgence—all picturesque. The women, after the fashion of the women of Spain, carrying baskets upon their heads laden with country produce for the market, not unlike gigantic lobster-balls, lounging lazily along or tarrying beneath the friendly shade of the banyan for the interchange of mutual courtesies; the men talking oranges and pine-apples and cocoa-nuts, under their yellow-leaved hats; the drivers of nondescript vehicles creeping slowly by the way, glad of any excuse for a pull-up; children squatting in corners munching sugar-cane; and above, the blue sky—blue as that of Italy; below, the yellow-white roadway; on all sides, rainbow-tinted buildings. A



VIEW ON BAY STREET, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO NASSAU AND HAVANA—SKETCHES OF NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. COONLEY AND SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.

street in Nassau once beheld becomes a luminous memory.

THE SOLDIERS.

The martial defenders, dark as Othello, are as picturesque as their surroundings. The jaunty scarlet fez, with its blue tassel, the Greek jackets, loose trousers and tight-fitting leggings, recall those Chasseurs d'Afrique whom Bazaine, of unhappy fame, led to death and glory against the Kabyles. Their uniform is for the most part white, although "England's cruel red" is worn by some individuals. These *militaires* show decided signs of the not over-gentle manipulation of the



SEÑORA DOLORES TERRY BLANC, WIFE OF THE ITALIAN MINISTER.

drill-sergeant, and bear themselves with becoming straightness and that stereotyped swagger which would seem to be the perquisite of the soldier, from the Queen's Guardsman to the King of Dahomey's necklace-attired braves. To behold these warriors strutting down Bay Street full of an exquisite sense of their own importance, their ebony features reduced to a dismal dignity, is a veritable mine of wealth to a comic artist.

BARON BLANC, ITALIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES, AND BRIDE.

THE wedding of Baron Albert Blanc, Italian Minister to the United States, and Miss Dolores N. Terry, took place in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, New York City, on Saturday evening, May 11th, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn officiating. Baron Blanc is a scion of a distinguished family of Champéry, Savoy, Italy, and was educated in law at the University of Turin. While prosecuting his studies he discovered in the court archives a very curious correspondence of the well-known philosopher, Joseph de Maistre, who was Minister of the King of Sardinia to St. Petersburg at the beginning of this century. He collated and published these papers, and the work, with elaborate historical foot-notes and explanations, was highly commended by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats*. In 1859 he united with the army; but his talents having attracted the attention of Count Cavour, he was induced to abandon the field, and accept the position of Second Secretary of Legation, from which he became private secretary to that memorable statesman. After the death of Cavour, he was tendered the like confidential position by General La Marmora, and while serving as such, performed staff duty in the war for the liberation of Venice. He was a member of the Conference which met in London for the settlement of the Luxembourg affair, and then served for two years as *Chargé d'Affaires* at Vienna. In 1869 he was appointed First Assistant Secretary of State under General Manabrea, and in the following year was sent to Spain as Minister, accompanying Prince Amadeus, then called King. From 1871 to 1875 he resided at Brussels as Italian Minister, and represented his country in the congress for the definition of the rights of peace and war. Since November, 1875, Baron Blanc has been Minister to the United States, and has become a leader in Italian society both in Washington and New York. He has been decorated with the highest grade of the Orders of Francis Joseph of Austria, Carlo III. of Spain, Leopold of Belgium and numerous others.

The bride is the daughter of Señor Don Tomas Terry, who is believed to be a silent partner in the firm of Moses S. Taylor & Co., of this city. He has also an important establishment in Havana, where he is one of the foremost dealers in sugar. He is, moreover, an important producer of sugar, owning some of the largest and best yielding plantations in Cuba. His wealth is rated far up in the millions. No Cuban merchant or planter is more highly esteemed



GEORGIA.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, ON MULBERRY AND SECOND STREETS, MACON, APRIL 26TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FUGH, MACON.



THE HON. WILLIAM C. GOODLOE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. MULLEN, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. SEE PAGE 203.

among the merchants of Havana or of this city. He has the right, as a possessor of the cordon of the Order of Isabel, to bear the title of Excelentísimo Señor.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A MONUMENT IN MACON, GA.

FRIDAY, April 26th, was observed throughout the Southern States as Memorial Day, corresponding with the Decoration Day of the North,

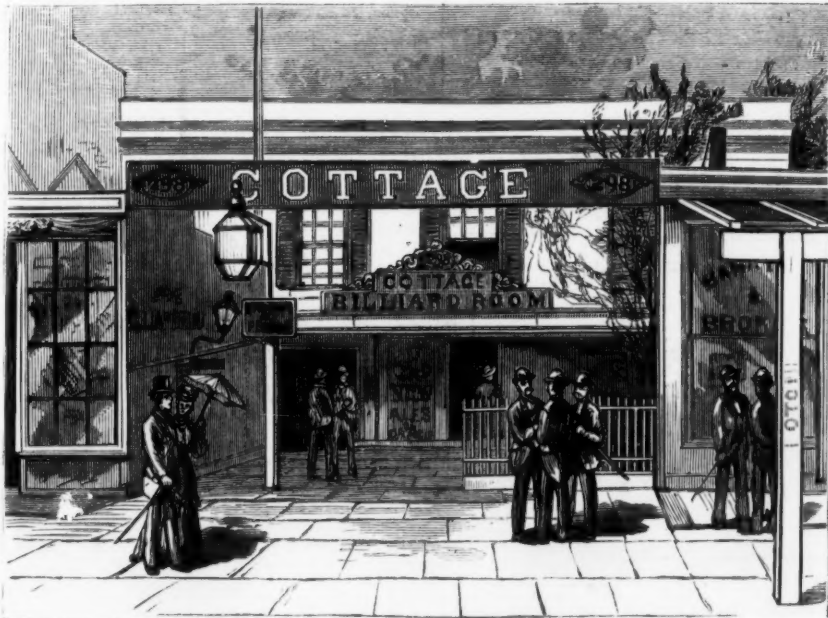


BARON ALBERT BLANC, MINISTER FROM ITALY TO THE UNITED STATES.

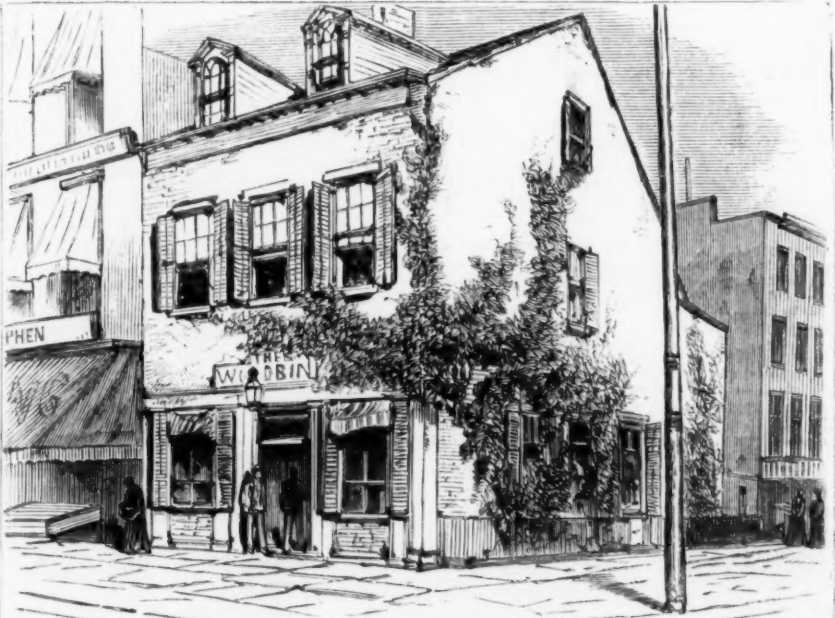
which occurs May 30th. The ceremonies in Macon, Ga., have attracted more general attention, perhaps, than those of any other place, because of the reading of a letter from Jefferson Davis, who had felt obliged to decline an invitation to deliver an address upon the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the Confederate dead. In the place of Mr. Davis, Governor Colquitt delivered the formal oration. The Second Georgia Battalion, and other military and twenty civic organizations, were in procession.

The monument, which will stand at the intersection of Mulberry and Second Streets, will consist of a base of Stone Mountain granite, supporting a marble shaft, twenty-three feet high, which will be surmounted by a figure, ten feet in stature, of a Confederate soldier in position of "rest-on-arms." The entire cost is estimated at \$5,000.

Immediately in front of the stand erected for the ceremonies, the Ladies' Memorial Association, which has the entire matter in charge, caused to be constructed a floral monument, having a shaft thirty-three feet in height, and resembling the columns of St. Peter's. The base was a broad square, covered with large leaves of the magnolia, and surmounting this was the shaft, cylindrical in form, hung with garlands of cedar, and festooned with wreaths of roses and other flowers. The capital was composed of the emblematic pomegranate-flowers, wheat and corn leaves, illustrating the productions of the clime. Surmounting the whole was a Grecian urn three feet in height, holding a mass of pink flowers, and tastefully draped with evergreens. On one side of the base were the crossed Confederate national and battle-flags, made of crimson pinks, geraniums and larkspurs. On another side were to be seen crossed swords, the hilts being formed by beautiful golden-hued flowers, while the blades were represented by steel-colored verbenas. Another side was ornamented with a cannon, covered with rare blooms of crimson, white and purple; while on the fourth was the well-known verse commencing: "On Fame's eternal camping-ground." One-third the way up the shaft, surrounded by forget-me-nots, were the words, "Our Dead," and on opposite sides were the portraits of Lee and Jackson in frames of laurel-leaves. Our illustration is from a photograph taken while Mr. Davis's letter was being read.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DISAPPEARING LANDMARKS OF THE METROPOLIS.—THE OLD "GOTHAM" COTTAGE, IN THE BOWERY.—SEE PAGE 203.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DISAPPEARING LANDMARKS OF THE METROPOLIS.—THE "WOODBINE" TAVERN, AT THE CORNER OF SIXTH AVENUE AND THIRTEENTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 203.

People's Charities.

THERE is a page in most private ledgers to which it is extremely difficult to assign the appropriate item. At the head of this page is written the word "Charities," and beneath this title are inscribed the various channels through which the owner of the volume has expended his "benevolence, love, active goodness, alms," and all the other virtuous qualities which dictionaries ascribe to the word charity; while the dollar and cents columns at the side render a barometrical register of the extent to which the mercury of his liberality has risen. While frankly admitting the perplexity which the filling-in of this page of the cash-book often involves, we cannot but express our opinion that the manner in which people generally refer to this duty is unpropitious for its faithful execution. The phrase, "I should enter that under the heading of charities," is often enunciated with a tone and expression worthy of Ananias or Mephistopheles. Among general expenses, many items are negligently omitted from their proper places; but there is reason for believing that money spent in charity are, as a rule, most faithfully chronicled under that title. Both in the spirit and in the letter is the duty of making these entries carried out, and often in a rather peculiar manner, as every outlay which may be supposed by the most liberal construction to have been actuated in some measure by a spirit of charity, however indirectly, is put down, and also every nominal charity which may nevertheless have been performed with purely selfish motives. Altogether it may be suspected that many charity accounts are regarded by their authors too much in the light of bills of exchange for value received (or rather taken) in the shape of peccadillos and extravagances; and that in too many cases these documents are not worth the paper they are written on.

A Mettlesome Bishop.

NO MORE serious loss to the cause of muscular Christianity was ever sustained than that of the late Bishop Selwyn, of England. He was one of the first Cambridge eight that went to the post for a University Boat-race (in 1829). He was also the crack amateur swimmer of his day, and rumor has it that he was by no means unskilled in the noble art of self-defense. He was once cruising in a merchant ship from one part of his colonial diocese to another; the "skipper" of the ship—a burly ruffian—was a violent man, and ill-treated, without rhyme or reason, a weakly sailor lad who was clumsily tying "grannies" in a sail which he had been set to reef. The bishop expostulated, and interposed between the lad and the handspike with which the skipper was attacking the boy. The skipper bade the bishop get out of the way, unless he thought he was the better man of the two. The bishop tried soft words and intercession, but the skipper got the more violent, and repeated his challenge. Driven to the alternative of leaving the lad to his fate or giving the captain a lesson in humanity, the bishop at last took off his coat and accepted the challenge. The "set-to" lasted a very few seconds; in less than two rounds the skipper was knocked "out of time" down a hatchway. The fall in the hold did him an infinity of good, and the practical lesson in humanity was worth a volume of preaching. He let the boy alone for the rest of the voyage, and modified his language and conduct to the rest of his crew. He also became a fervent admirer of the bishop for ever afterwards, a tended to his admonitions, and acknowledged that he had learnt to entertain a respect for the Church militant from the day when he found that a member of it was a better man at fist-cuffs than himself.

FUN.

THE time to buy a new hat—When the band begins to play.

TIME is money; of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening?"

THE Irish hate to give anything up. Some of them even try to wake the dead.

"ECONOMY is the road to wealth," and we begin to suspect that it is the one which has no turning.

AS May is "the month of Mary," why not call it by the longer name, just for the benefit of the oyster trade?

OLD Mother Hecla has had the spasms again, with strong in-flame-atory symptoms in her inside. Poor old creature!

"MAMMA, dear, Francois, the new nurse, always says her prayers in French. Do you think she will be understood?"

CLOTHES-PINS can now be bought for two cents per dozen, and there is no longer any excuse for hanging linen pants on the line by a knot in the legs.

IN Iowa they have a madstone that has performed hundreds of marvelous cures. In England they have a Gladstone who has made a good many cures in his day.

WHEN you hear a country church choir singing, "There will be no more sorrow there," you conclude at once that either the aforesaid choir will not be there, or they will not be permitted to sing.

HE was three squares after what he thought was a street-car light; and, after he got out of breath, he lay down on the doorstep, disgusted to find out that it was only a lightning-bug on his spectacles.

SEVERAL years ago a young man in New Orleans put a sum of money in a savings bank, and forgot all about it until recently, when, after reckoning up the interest, it was found that—the bank had failed.

A PRACTICAL VIEW: *Mrs. Crabbaule*—"Well, we've made something out of our parties, anyway! They left five fans, and Alice Roseleaf dropped this lovely curl—just my shade. She won't ask for it, so I mean to keep it."

WHEN old Crackitt read that Longfellow got twenty dollars a line for "Hanging of the Crane," he laid down the paper and queried, "How many lines does it take to hang a crane, anyhow? And why didn't they use a twenty-cent rope?"

HINTS TO INVENTORS—Universal tobacco pipe—stem in woodshed for married men, bedside for bachelors, fireside for aged Hibernian couple: "two mugs with but a single smoke, two stems that draw as one"—no nicotine; no dirty pipes—private meter—millions in it!

A GREEN sportsman, after a fruitless tramp, met a boy with tears in his eyes, and said: "I say youngster, is there anything to shoot around here?" "Nothin' just 'bout here, but there's the school-master's father side the hill. I wish you'd shoot him!" the boy answered.

BROWN tried to quarrel with his mother-in-law the other evening. He married the eldest of seven girls. Said she, "Brown, my boy, I'm not going to ruin my reputation by quarreling with you. Wait till all the girls are married. At present, as a mother-in-law, I'm only an amateur."

RECENT SCIENTIFIC IMPROVEMENTS.—*Mistress*—"You needn't be so frightened, Maria; it's only the phonograph." *Maria*—"Lor, mum! I thought it was a sewing-machine. And I only just touched the handle, and it said: 'What the deuce are you at?' just like the very moral of master!"

THREE Irishmen, who had dug a ditch for four dollars, were quite at a loss to know how to divide the pay "a-qually." But one of the number had been to school and reached division in the arithmetic, so it was left to him. He did it at once, saying, "It's aisy enough! Sure, there's two for you two, and two for me, too." The two received their portion with greatly increased respect for the advantages which learning gives a man.

IN Paris, jokes on the approaching exhibition are in order. A widowed mother, of penurious habits, with an only son, is reported to have called on a physician in reference to her boy's health. She described his symptoms, among which was want of appetite. The doctor said it was only the lassitude of Spring. "Let me treat him, and I will give him a stomach to devour all before him." The widow thought a moment. "Provisions will be so dear when the Exposition opens, it is better to let him remain as he is."

NATURAL SELECTION.

INVESTIGATORS of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy that throughout the animal kingdom the survival of the fittest is the only law that vouchsafes thrift and perpetuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior for article. Illustrative of this principle are the family medicines of R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. By reason of superior merit, they have outvalued all other medicines. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit. It is safe to say that no medicine or combination of medicines yet discovered equals or can compare with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all pulmonary and blood affections. If the bowels be constipated and liver sluggish, his Pleasant Purgative Pellets will give prompt relief; while his favorite prescription will positively, perfectly and permanently, cure those weaknesses and "dragging down" sensations peculiar to females. In the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of nearly one thousand pages, the doctor has fully discussed the principles that underlie health and sickness. Price \$1.50, post-paid. Adapted to old and young, single and married. Address, R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOW THAT the Erie has been thoroughly reorganized, it promises to eclipse any of its previous efforts in its conveniences for the public. Mr. John N. Abbot, the genial passenger agent, still remains in the management, and will continue to exercise the same good judgment which has been a distinguishing feature of his office. For both through and local travel the Erie must still remain the best adapted to the public needs. Not the least important fact is that its trains always arrive and leave on time, and this, to the traveler, is sometimes a matter of vital importance. The local travel of the road is also rapidly increasing, owing to the fact that the management study to accommodate the interests of their commuters.

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The Rob Roy Revolver, advertised in the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER last week by G. W. TURNER & ROSA, of Boston, is a genuine pistol, and worth the price. The advertisers are responsible.

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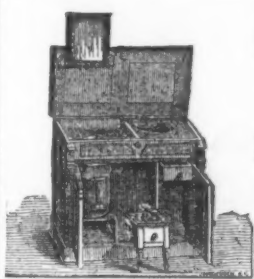
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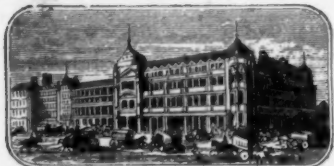


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